

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE HESS FLIGHT

WANTED: TRUE AIR STRATEGY
BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

The American Mercury

MAY 1943



25 cents
30¢ in Canada

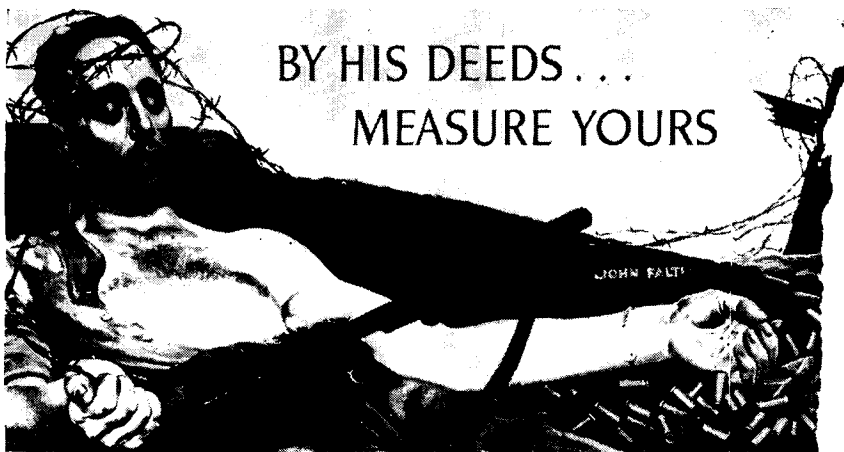
Co-operating with Russia
The Man Who May Be President
The Miraculous Electron
Should the British Empire Be
Broken Up?
The Photograph, *A Story*
The Follies That Were Ziegfeld
The "Per Negro" System
Main Street, Hollywood
The Vulture: Emblem of Death
The Hinky Dink Goes Down
Sinclair Lewis and Dos Passos
Athlete's Foot and Other Skin
Diseases

Eugene Lyons
William Bradford Huie
Edward Robinson
Emery Reves
Enrique Amorim
George Jean Nathan
Zora Neale Hurston
Hirschfeld
Alan Devoe
Earl Selby
Maxwell Geismar
Marion B. Sulzberger, M.D.
and Rudolf L. Baer, M.D.

CLEMENCEAU

by WINSTON CHURCHILL

IT is not pleasant to have your peaceful life upset by wartime needs and restrictions and activities.... It is not pleasant to die, either.... Between you who live at home and the men who die at the front there is a direct connection.... By your actions, definitely, a certain number of these men will die or they will come through alive. If you do everything you can to hasten victory and do every bit of it as fast as you can... then, sure as fate you will save the lives of some men who will otherwise die because you let the war last too long... Think it over. Till the war is won you cannot, in fairness to them, complain or waste or shirk. Instead, you will apply every last ounce of your effort to getting this thing done... In the name of God and your fellow man, that is your job.



The civilian war organization needs your help. The Government has formed the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If such a group is at work in your community, cooperate with it to the limit of your ability. If none exists, help to organize one. A free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it will be sent to you at no charge if you will write to this magazine. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

CATCH YOUR WITS WITH THESE FAMOUS DETECTIVES!

Any good mystery is a challenge. Can you name the murderer before the author spells it out for you? In these Mercury Mysteries you'll meet the best competition — such famous names as Ellery Queen, Hercule Poirot, Nero Wolfe, Albert Einstein, Perry Mason.

25c each, the pocket-size Mercury Mysteries are outstanding values. These great book bargains are made possible only by leading publishers and authors are accepting low prices and because the books are printed on special high quality presses in large quantities. Newly reset in sharp, clear type, well printed and sturdily bound in a strong flexible paper cover, Mercury Mysteries are easy to read and easy to buy. Pick over the list right now and send for your choices with the coupon below. Money back if not delighted.

25 cents each

THE INCREDIBLE THEFT by Agatha Christie. "Any book by a Christie attracts attention, when she hits her stride, she is a surprise." — *Saturday Review of Literature*.

FOUR OF HEARTS by Agatha Christie. "A grand mystery; handled and expertly solved." — *New Yorker*.

THE MILE by Margery Allingham. Detective Albert Campion solves a mystery that has baffled New York police for a hundred years.

MURDER IN MESOPOTAMIA by Agatha Christie. The death of a girl in the ruins of an ancient city taxes the powers of the great Poirot to the utmost.

THE WEDDING by M. G. Hart. "... a sustained attack of horror; one of the best I have come from author's typewriter." — *Time*.

GOLDEN SWAN MURDER by Dorothy Cameron Disney. Another winner by the author. "Death in the Back Seat" is a stack even better than memorable tomes." — *Will* — *New York Herald Tribune*.

THE GARDENIAS by Jonathan L. Cramer. "Fast, crisp, tough and highly entertaining." — *New York World-Telegram*.

THE D.A. DRAWS A CIRCLE by Erle Stanley Gardner. "Hard trigger action and capable deducing right up the Gardner path." — *New York Herald Tribune*.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH by Ellery Queen. "Expertly told and recommended without a quailm." — *The New Yorker*.

THE CASE OF THE DANGEROUS DOWAGER by Erle Stanley Gardner. "One notch above top." — *Saturday Review of Literature*.

THIRTEEN AT DINNER by Agatha Christie. "... A truly notable thriller." — *New York Herald Tribune*.

GOOD NIGHT, SHERIFF by Harrison R. Steeves. "It deserves an honored place among detective stories that are different." — *New York Times*.

THE SINGING CLOCK by Virginia Perdue. "One of the most unusual and fascinating stories we've read in some time." — *Boston Herald*.

THE CLEW OF THE FORTGOTTEN MURDER by Erle Stanley Gardner. "Moves at racing pace, with crackling dialogue, exciting situations and completely surprising solutions. A damn good yarn." — *Saturday Review of Literature*.

A TOAST TO TOMORROW by Manning Coles. "Exciting and beautifully written." — *The New Yorker*.

THE BLACK CURTAIN by Cornell Woolrich. "Once you start it you will want to follow all its thrills through to the end." — *New York Times*.

MURDER IN 3 ACTS by Agatha Christie.

DEATH IN ECSTASY by Ngila Marsh. "... few possess her skill at creating potential corpses and suspects and building a puzzle." — *Will Cuppy*, *New York Herald Tribune*.

THE MAN WITH NO FACE by Margaret Armstrong. "All the more interesting for being so different." — *New York Times*.

SOME BURIED CAESAR by Rex Stout. "Witty, informative, original... you'd better get yourself a copy right quick." — *New York World-Telegram*.

THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY by Agatha Christie.

BLACK PLUMES by Margery Allingham. "One of the best books by a mystery novelist whose work is always of first rank." — *New York Times*.

THE DEPARTMENT OF QUEER COMPLAINTS by Carter Dickson. "The best bedside collection that has shown its head for many a day." — *The New Yorker*.

THIS IS MURDER by Erle Stanley Gardner. "Super-speedy action. Gobs of good talk... and a swash ending." — *Saturday Review of Literature*.

THE REGATTA MYSTERY by Agatha Christie. "... highly entertaining." — *Miss Christie*, at her best. — *Springfield Republican*.

THE WHISPERING CUP by Mabel Saseley. "A real spectacular job of writing by a woman who is leading the field of mystery fiction." — *The New Yorker*.

HANGMAN'S HOLIDAY by Dorothy L. Sayers. "Readers have a real treat in store with this volume." — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE CHINESE ORANGE MYSTERY by Ellery Queen. "America's No. 1 writer of mystery yarns."

TOO MANY COOKS by Rex Stout. "It's a whiz of a detective story."

A MAN LAY DEAD by Ngila Marsh. "Perfect escape entertainment." — *New York Herald Tribune*.

THE BOWSTRING MURDERS by Carter Dickson.

MONEY BACK IN 5 DAYS . . . IF YOU WANT IT

MERCURY MYSTERIES, Dept. AM 543
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Mercury Books whose numbers I have encircled below. I enclose \$..... (25c per book) — no extra charge for postage. It is understood that I may return any books I care to within 5 days after I receive them for full refund of their purchase price.

46 47 49 50 51 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 B21
B23 B30 B31 B32 B33 B34 B35 B36 B37 B38 J1 J2 J3 J4

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
LVI

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
233

May, 1943

The Inside Story of the Hess Flight.....	Anonymous	519
The Man Who May Be President.....	William Bradford Huie	528
Co-operating with Russia.....	Eugene Lyons	536
The Miraculous Electron.....	Edward Robinson	546
Should the British Empire Be Broken Up?.....	Emery Reves	553
Wanted: True Air Strategy.....	Major Alexander P. de Seversky	562
The Photograph, <i>A Story</i>	Enrique Amorim	572
Clemenceau.....	Winston Churchill	578
THE THEATRE:		
<i>The Follies That Were Ziegfeld</i>	George Jean Nathan	587
The "Pet Negro" System.....	Zora Neale Hurston	593
Athlete's Foot and Other Skin Diseases		
Marion B. Sulzberger, M.D. and Rudolf L. Baer, M.D.		601
Main Street, Hollywood.....	Hirschfeld	607
Faith.....	Anita Daniel	611
The Hinky Dink Goes Down.....	Earl Selby	612
DOWN TO EARTH:		
<i>The Vulture: Emblem of Death</i>	Alan Devoe	619
POETRY:		
I. Arms and the Boy.....	David Morton	592
II. Till You Came.....	Charles Angoff	606
III. Pickle Belt.....	Theodore Roethke	618
THE LIBRARY:		
<i>Young Sinclair Lewis and Old Dos Passos</i>	Maxwell Geismar	624
CHECK LIST.....		516
OPEN FORUM.....		632
CARTOONS by: Eric Peters, Derso and Kelen, Eric Godal.		

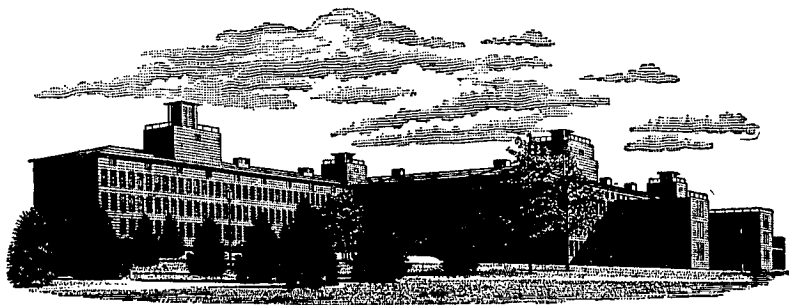
Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright 1943 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain,

Mexico, and all other countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK, *Publisher* EUGENE LYONS, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Literary Editor*; William Bradford Huie, Mildred Falk, *Associate Editors*
J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A new building of the Bell Telephone Laboratories

Reason for Confidence

MORE than ninety per cent of American scientists are engaged in beating the Germans and Japanese.

More than ninety per cent of American scientific laboratory facilities are devoted to the same task.

American scientists are working at this job six or seven days a week, long hours, with few interruptions.

They are getting somewhere, too.

Every now and then the Germans and the Japanese have an unpleasant surprise.

They find that American science has caught up with them and passed them. It is reassuring to us and

discouraging to our enemies, for American scientific facilities are the greatest in the world. And they are functioning.

Little by little, some of the things that have been developed become public, but most of them you won't hear about until after the war.

But now, without the details, you can have faith that American research — industrial and academic combined — is rapidly giving our fighting forces an advantage.

Along with other American industry, the Bell Telephone System has its own Bell Laboratories — the largest in the world — working overtime for victory.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



***Your continued help in making only vital calls to war-busy centers
is a real contribution to the drive for victory.***

**PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED**

**4000
PERFECT
PLAYS**

With
DUOTONE
Lifetone
PHONOGRAPH
NEEDLE

Brilliant quality of reproduction, protection for your precious records — both are yours when you use the Duotone Lifetone Needle in your record player. Its precious alloy tip constructed from a union of extremely rare metals is designed to reduce friction — to protect your records from wear — to accurately reproduce the natural beauty of musical tone. Satisfaction or your money back. At your record dealer or write Duotone Company, 799 Broadway.

\$1.50



IN CANADA — SNI-DOR LTD — MONTREAL

FOR TRUER
TONE

Say Duotone

THE WORLD'S FINEST NEEDLES

**IF YOUR *Mercury*
ARRIVES LATE**

please remember that transportation and deliveries are rather uncertain in wartime. • The Mercury leaves the plant in what would ordinarily be plenty of time to reach you on or before publication date. But conditions beyond our control may delay its delivery.

CHECK LIST

THE AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST GERMANY, by Allan A. Michie. \$2. *Holt.* Mr. Michie is a good reporter. We can credit what he has seen and heard. Through his eyes the reader catches a glimpse of what aviation is already doing to the enemy and of what it could do if we had more of it. But as soon as Mr. Michie ventures to offer opinions on air-power and aerial strategy, he is unfortunately far beyond his depth. He would have been well advised to read and ponder Mitchell and Douhet instead of announcing that he hasn't.

For one thing it might have saved him from the absurdity of attacking the "Seversky" school of thought without understanding that he was attacking the views held by virtually all air leaders the world over. I didn't invent my air-power ideas and claim no patent rights on them. I have simply tried to formulate certain basic concepts held by all forward-looking air officers, and to interpret recent events in the light of those concepts.

Mr. Michie accuses me of believing that "we can win the war of 1943 with the air weapons of 1953." At another point he pronounces the verdict: "We have no time to listen to visionaries who talk of aircraft not yet on the drafting boards." Though unnamed, I recognize the culprit. He fails to note, however, that these visionaries heard the same verdict four years ago — that is why those aircraft still are not on the drafting boards. Had we been listened to, the aircraft in question would have been pounding Hitler by this time, and Mr. Michie would have been spared the job of writing a book to complain about our failures in this respect. It was precisely this sort of ridicule which prevented our development of the full air potential.

The one certainty is that we shall not have the weapons of 1953 in 1953 or 1963 if this reactionary sneering persists. Mr. Michie has had the courage to denounce the backwardness of our equipment, but he

merely upholds those responsible when he joins the chorus of derision about "weapons of tomorrow." He is on the side of those who condemn us to fighting today with yesterday's weapons.

His repeated slurs at the "visionaries" is especially amusing in view of the fact that in his reportage, where he is at home, he agrees closely — I might almost say verbatim — with the "visionary" estimate of events. I marked passages in his book which run more or less parallel to passages in my own *Victory Through Air Power*, and I must say that the number of markings is rather flattering.

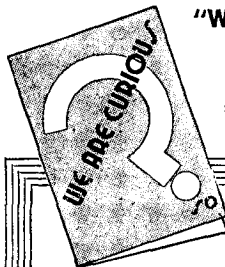
On page 115 of Michie, for instance, we read: "Certain Washington spokesmen have indulged in overstatement . . . about our planes, exaggerating their performance, attributing fantastic qualities to them, and even twisting their deficiencies into advantages." How true! Indeed, on page 207 of Seversky we read: "There is among us a tendency to exaggerate the performance of our airplanes, attributing fantastic military characteristics to them, even converting deficiencies into special virtues." Michie reports that "the story of the Luftwaffe's attacks during the Battle of Britain is one of frantic improvisation." In this he agrees with my published judgment that "the German High Command was forced to improvise in an almost panicky spirit as it went along." I could quote on and on.

All of which indicates that I think very highly of a large portion of the book. It is simply a pity that the author has limited his theoretical preparation to a reading of Seversky.

ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

MITCHELL, PIONEER OF AIR POWER, by Isaac Don Levine. \$3.50. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. This is the definitive biography for which admirers of the air-power crusader have been waiting. And they have reason to be gratified. Mr. Levine writes colorfully but with restraint. Most important, he has a humble respect for facts and documents which previous writers of articles and books on Mitchell seem to have lacked. Mr. Levine recognizes the "legend" of Mitchell, since it

(Continued on page 629)



"WE ARE CURIOUS"

is a questionnaire placed in Roosevelt rooms. Responses enable us to improve our service.

"I like the Roosevelt for its friendly services without any pretentiousness —"

is the answer we get most often

ROOMS WITH BATH FROM \$4.50

25% Reduction on Room Rates to Members of the Armed Forces.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

BERNARD G. HINES, *Managing Director*

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

Look FOR THE NEW ISSUE OF

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

At Your Newsstand — 25 Cents



**“We’ve Turned Our Backs on Raising Flowers,
Now Peas and Beans Get Our Spare Hours”**

Producing for victory is a full-time job for all of us. That’s why, at Calvert, we are not distilling whiskey—only high-proof alcohol for war. But fortunately in our warehouses substantial reserves of rare, selected stocks have been laid away, the very *cream* of them reserved for Calvert Reserve. So you may continue to enjoy, in cocktail or in highball, that mellowness, that extra goodness that makes Calvert Reserve the “*finest whiskey you can drink or serve.*”

Used in moderation ... Calvert Reserve ... will last for the duration

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

The American MERCURY

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE HESS FLIGHT

ANONYMOUS

WHY Rudolf Hess took the sky road to Scotland has never been revealed officially, principally because two leaders of Allied strategy, Winston Churchill and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, believed at the time that no useful purpose could be served by the telling. Hess was consigned to the limbo of hush-hush and all attempts to probe the craziest episode of the war were resolutely suppressed.

Today, two years after, many Englishmen and a few Americans know exactly why Hess came to England, and most of those in possession of the true story feel that it

should now be told. For one thing, it would place before critics of Anglo-American policy towards Soviet Russia the vital and silencing fact that at a difficult moment, when he might have withdrawn his country from the war at Russia's expense, Churchill pledged Britain to continue fighting as a full ally of the newest victim of Nazi duplicity. There would have been some semblance of poetic justice to such a withdrawal — was it not Stalin who set the war in motion by signing a friendship pact with Hitler in 1939? But the British Prime Minister never even considered such action.

A few details are still unclear — only British Intelligence and several top-flight officials know them; a few facts must still be kept dark

The writer, a highly reputable observer, is known to us and we publish this article with full faith in its sources.

— THE EDITORS.

for reasons of policy. But the essential story can be safely, and usefully, told. It makes one of the most fascinating tales of super-intrigue in the annals of international relations. It adds up to a supreme British *coup* that must have shattered the pride of the Nazis in their diplomacy and their Secret Service. In that domain, it is fair to say, the Hess incident is a defeat equivalent to Stalingrad in the military domain.

Rudolf Hess did not "escape" from Germany. He came as a winged messenger of peace, and no Parsifal in shining armor was ever more rigorously and loyally consecrated to his mission. He came not only with Adolf Hitler's blessing, but upon Hitler's explicit orders. Far from being a surprise, the arrival of Hess was expected by a limited number of Britishers, the outlines of his mission were known in advance, and the Nazi leader actually had an RAF escort in the final stage of his air journey.

On the basis of reliable information since obtained from German sources and from indications given by Hess himself, it is possible to reconstruct the situation in Berlin that led to the mad Hess undertaking.

By the beginning of 1941 Hitler,

in disregard of the advice of some of his generals, had decided that he could no longer put off his "holy war" against Russia. The attempt to knock out the Western democracies before turning to the East had failed. The alternative was an understanding with Great Britain which would leave Germany free to concentrate everything against Russia — a return, in some measure, to the basis of co-operation set up in Munich. Whatever Chamberlain and Daladier may have thought, the Germans had interpreted the Munich deal as a *carte blanche* for Nazi domination of Eastern Europe; the Allied guarantees to Poland and Rumania thereafter, and their declaration of war, were indignantly denounced in Berlin as a democratic double-cross.

Hitler put out a tentative feeler in January 1941 in the form of an inquiry regarding the British attitude towards possible direct negotiations. It was not directed to the British Government but to a group of influential Britishers, among them the Duke of Hamilton, who belonged to the since discredited Anglo-German Fellowship Association. An internationally known diplomat served as courier. In the course of time a reply arrived in Berlin expressing limited interest

and asking for more information. Tediously, cautiously, without either side quite revealing its hand, a plan was developed. When the German proposal of negotiations on neutral soil was rejected, Berlin countered with an offer to send a delegate to England. After all, had not Chamberlain flown to Germany?

A delegate was selected — Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, Gauleiter of all Germans abroad. Handsome, South African-born, Cambridge-educated Willi Bohle was actually a British subject, though his passport was considerably out of date, and he seemed ideally suited for the mission. Several important foreign journalists in Berlin were let in on the secret that Bohle was being groomed for a very big and mysterious job abroad, and the story was planted in Turkish and South American papers to test British reaction. When weeks passed and the British press did not pick up the story, thus indicating an indifference to Bohle, Berlin became worried.

It was then that the Führer came through with one of his “geniale” ideas. Bohle was not the right man, he said. He did not have the national stature to impress the British. A really big Nazi would have to go, one whose name was

inseparably linked with Hitler himself and whose presence could not possibly fail to command attention. He must be one, said Hitler, who would represent the “goodness” of the German race, one whose sincerity was unquestionable. What is more, he must be able to speak officially for the German Government and to give binding commitments on behalf of the Führer. Providence, Hitler pointed out, had given Germany just the man — Walter Richard Rudolf Hess, Nazi Number Three, who in addition to fulfilling the other qualifications had grown up in the English quarter of Alexandria, spoke fluent English and “understood the British mind.”

After Hitler transmitted his supreme and final offer — to send his own Deputy and closest friend directly to England — there was a long delay in replying. Possibly the imperturbable British required some time to recover from their astonishment. But finally Adolf's intuition was justified — an acceptance of the proposal came through, details were arranged, and on May 10 Hess flew into the twilight.

Four months of intricate negotiations had preceded the flight. The Germans had pushed their proposal in the name of peace and Nordic

friendship. Their British "friends" were co-operative without being too eager or too optimistic — there was no use overlooking the difficulties. As was only natural, progress was made slowly; there were ups and downs in the fortunes of the enterprise.

II

The one thing the Germans did not know was that they were negotiating with agents of the British Secret Service using the names — and the handwriting — of the Duke of Hamilton and other gentry of the Anglo-German Fellowship Association! The fact is that the initial communication, in January, brought personally by an eminent diplomat, never reached its destination, having been intercepted by the Secret Service. From then on the correspondence was handled entirely by astute British agents. Replies designed to whet the German appetite, replies encouraging the supposition that Britain was seeking a way out of its military difficulties, were sent to Berlin. The hook was carefully baited that caught the third largest fish in the Nazi lake.

It was perhaps his perverted love of Wagnerian contrast that led Hitler to choose the night of his

Deputy's fateful flight for unloading five hundred tons of noisy death on London.

That night the subterranean plotting room of the RAF Fighter Command was static with activity. The heaviest Nazi bomber force ever sent to Britain was pounding the capital, and new waves of planes were crossing the coast every fifteen minutes. When a report from an outlying radiolocation station on the Scottish coast announced the approach of an unidentified plane, the receiving operator at Fighter Command checked it off as "one of ours" and promptly forgot it. On the tail of the first report came a second: the plane had failed to identify itself properly and its speed indicated that it was a fighter. Methodically, as one immune to surprises, the operator sent his flash to the plotting room and a hostile plane was pinpointed far up on the eastern coast of Scotland with an arrow to indicate that it was moving west.

By now inland stations were also picking up the mystery plane, obviously a fighter from its speed, although Scotland was far beyond the normal cruising range of any fighter. Consulted, the commanding officer at Fighter Command reacted in a manner that Fighter Command personnel still discuss

with varying degrees of puzzlement. "For God's sake," he is reported to have shouted, "*Tell them not to shoot him down!*" In a matter of seconds a fighter station in Scotland received a flash and two Hurricanes took off to trail the mystery plane with orders to force it down *but under no conditions to shoot at it*. While the small red arrows on the plotting table crept across Scotland, high officers at Fighter Command watched with absorbed interest. Near the tiny village of Paisley, almost on the west coast, they stopped. "Made it," the commanding officer is reported to have grunted. "Thank God, he's down!"

In Lanarkshire, Scotland, David McLean, a farmer, watched a figure parachute into his field, and by the time the man had disentangled himself from the shrouds of his parachute, Farmer McLean was standing over him with a pitchfork. "Are ye a Nazi enemy, or are ye one o' ours?" he asked. "Not Nazi enemy; British friend," the man replied with some difficulty because he had wrenched his ankle and was in extreme pain. Helped into the farmer's kitchen, he announced that his name was Alfred Horn and that he had come to see the Duke of Hamilton, laird of the great Dungavel estate ten

miles away. The man talked freely and to local Home Guardsmen Jack Paterson and Robert Gibson, who had arrived in the meantime, he admitted that he had come from Germany and was hunting the private aerodrome on Hamilton's estate when his fuel gave out and he had to bail out. "My name is Alfred Horn," he repeated frequently as though seeking recognition. "Please tell the Duke of Hamilton I have arrived."

With their instinctive distrust of aristocracy, the canny Scots became suspicious of the whole situation, and the parachutist was bundled off to the local Home Guard headquarters, where an excited, argumentative crowd soon gathered. Meanwhile, *a kind of official reception committee composed of Military Intelligence officers and Secret Service agents was waiting at the private aerodrome on the Hamilton estate*. The forced landing ten miles from the prearranged rendezvous was the only hitch in the plan. It was the hitch, presumably, which broke to the whole world sensational news which otherwise might have been kept on ice for a while if not for the duration.

When the "reception committee" heard of the accident and finally found their visitor, he was being guarded by over a dozen

defiant Home Guardsmen who were determined not to relinquish him. It took lengthy assurances that the man would remain safe in their custody, plus the arrival of Army reinforcements under instructions to co-operate with the "committee," to persuade the Guardsmen to give up their prisoner.

Still declaring that his name was Alfred Horn, Hess was placed in a military motorcar and driven to Maryhill Barracks near Glasgow. There he changed his story. "I have come to save humanity," he said. "I am Rudolf Hess." And he indicated that his visit was being expected by influential Englishmen — a statement that was truer than he as yet suspected. His identity checked, Hess was taken to a military hospital to have his ankle treated, and with a Scots Guardsman on duty outside his door, spent his first night on the British Isles.

In the village of Paisley and many other parts of the Highlands, Scotsmen divided into factions — Scots nationalists and British loyalists, royalists and socialists — and throughout that night and for several days broke heads and knuckles over the issue of the German who came to Scotland. The loyalists and socialists suspected that either the Scots nationalists or royalists had

been guilty of some treasonable skullduggery.

Hess passed a good night, and when his nurse brought breakfast on a tray the next morning at 8 A.M. he reminded her that on the continent one breakfasted later. She left the tray and departed, while he went back to sleep. When she returned at nine for the tray, the breakfast had not been touched; so she removed it, with the result that Hess spent his first morning in Britain without breakfast. Thereafter he breakfasted at eight.

Hitler's friend and Deputy had come prepared for an indirect approach to the British Government through the Anglo-German Fellowship Association, to which a surprising number of prominent Britons adhered before the war. The actual approach, as planned by Winston Churchill, was exceedingly direct. Ivone Kirkpatrick, an astute super-spy in World War I and Councillor at the Berlin Embassy during the intervening years, flew to Scotland to receive the Hess plan for direct transmission to the British Government. Even Hitler could have asked no greater co-operation. Despite the absence of the Duke of Hamilton, Hess at this stage was still convinced that he was dealing with the Fellowship intermediaries.

It was to Kirkpatrick that the Nazi first poured out the details of Hitler's armistice and peace proposals. He was enthusiastic and voluble — the stenographic report filled many notebooks. And he was most optimistic, since he was fully convinced that Britain was licked, knew it, and must therefore welcome the Führer's generous offer of amity. His tone throughout was that of a munificent enemy offering a reprieve to a foe whose doom was otherwise sealed.

III

The terms of Hitler's peace proposal have been discussed up and down England not only in well-informed political circles but in pubs, bomb shelters and Pall Mall clubs. It was too elaborate a secret to be kept. Cabinet members presumably told their friends in Parliament and the MP's told their club colleagues and the news percolated down. The filter of time plus such cross-checking as is possible on a subject that is officially taboo enables the writer to give the general outline, withholding details.

Hitler offered total cessation of the war in the West. Germany would evacuate all of France except Alsace and Lorraine, which would remain German. It would evacuate

Holland and Belgium, retaining Luxembourg. It would evacuate Norway and Denmark. In short, Hitler offered to withdraw from Western Europe, except for the two French provinces and Luxembourg, in return for which Great Britain would agree to assume an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards Germany as it unfolded its plans in Eastern Europe. In addition, the Führer was ready to withdraw from Yugoslavia and Greece. German troops would be evacuated from the Mediterranean generally and Hitler would use his good offices to arrange a settlement of the Mediterranean conflict between Britain and Italy. No belligerent or neutral country would be entitled to demand reparations from any other country, he specified.

The proposal contained many other points, including plans for plebiscites and population exchanges where these might be necessitated by shifts in population that has resulted from the military action in Western Europe and the Balkans. But the versions circulating in authoritative circles all agree on the basic points outlined above.

In a prepared preamble, Hess explained the importance of Hitler's Eastern mission "to save humanity," and indicated how per-

factly the whole arrangement would work out for Britain and France, not only from the ideological and security angles but also commercially. Germany, he pointed out, would take the full production of the Allied war industries until they could be converted to a peacetime basis, thus preventing economic depression. As Hess and his Führer saw it, England and France would become in effect the arsenals of free capitalism against Asiatic communism. The actual slaying of the Bolshevik dragon Hitler reserved for Germany alone, so that by this act he could convince a doubting world of his benevolent intentions. Hess gave no information on the military plans for Eastern Europe and would not be drawn out on that point, since it was a problem for Germany alone.

For two days Hitler's emissary unfolded his proposals and Churchill's amanuensis made notes. Hess was certain his plan would be accepted; it is characteristic of German thinking that it never foresees the possibility of another point of view. He emphasized that his Leader would not quibble over details — Britain could practically write its own peace terms. Hitler was only eager, as a humanitarian, to stop the "senseless war" with a

brother nation and thus incidentally guarantee supplies and safeguard his rear while fighting in the East.

With the prepared plan and the emissary's annotations in his notebooks, Kirkpatrick went to 10 Downing Street. The plan was communicated to Washington for an opinion, and the President of course confirmed the Prime Minister's decision. The answer would be a flat "No," but the two statesmen are reported to have agreed that open discussion of such a sensational offer would be undesirable at that time. They decided that the insanity explanation fed to the German people would also suffice for the rest of the world. Unlike the Germans and some Americans, no single Britisher believed a word of that story. Both London and Washington made repeated efforts to warn Russia of the coming German blows. The Russian leaders would not believe it — or pretended not to believe it — and certain Soviet diplomats insisted that the warnings were democratic "tricks" until the actual invasion took place.

Hess was not told of Churchill's decision and was permitted to assume that his proposals were under ardent discussion. At the hospital he rested easily and talked freely with his doctor, nurses and guards.

He was tolerant and friendly until his doctor one morning made a typical British comment on Adolf Hitler. Hess thereupon staged a scene and remained surly and sulking for a week. When he was able to walk, he was flown to London, where he talked to Lord Beaverbrook, Alfred Duff Cooper and other government leaders. But Churchill refused his repeated requests for a meeting.

Only after he had talked himself out and could provide no further useful information, was Hess informed that his plan had been entirely rejected and that Britain was already Russia's ally. By that time he was aware, too, that the negotiations which preceded his flight had short-circuited the Fellowship crowd — neither Hamilton nor any of the others had known anything about the Hess visit until all of England knew it. His shock and dismay resulted in a minor nervous breakdown, so that for a while the Nazi lie about his insanity came near being true. The news of the sinking of the *Bismarck* shook Hess so that he wept an entire day.

Hess demanded that he be sent back to Germany, because, having come as an emissary, he was entitled to safe return. The British Government reasoned differently

— after all, he came as an emissary to private individuals, not to the Government directly — and he became a special prisoner of war. He spends his existence in the manor house of a large English estate, with considerable freedom of movement on the well guarded grounds. His appetite is reported to be good. He spends most of his time reading German classics and perfecting his English. A bookdealer in London recently wrote to several of his customers who had purchased German books from him, inquiring whether they would care to resell them to another client. The client's name was given as Walter R. R. Hess.

This was not the first time England reduced a German stronghold by audacious Secret Service work. It was reported unofficially in Berlin that the *Graf Spee* was scuttled on orders sent over Admiral Raeder's signature by the cloak-and-dagger experts in the British Secret Service. Whether there is any truth to that or not, there is no doubt that when the whole story can be told the achievements of that Secret Service will astound the world. And the Hess episode is certain to stand out with a glory all its own among them.

► *Bricker of Ohio holds the lead among Republican candidates.*

THE MAN WHO MAY BE PRESIDENT

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

THERE is a saying that any man who can carry Ohio, Michigan and Indiana can be elected President of the United States. If this is true, then John William Bricker could be elected today; for there seems little doubt that he could carry these States against Roosevelt. The President has faded badly in this section since his close call in 1940; while Bricker, as the first three-term Republican Governor of Ohio, has proved a natural Midwestern vote-getter.

It is no surprise, therefore, that Bricker is being made the Winterbook favorite for the Republican nomination. Because Willkie is already crowding the post, the blankets are being pulled off Bricker a full year before the convention. He is to be presented to the voters as the cabin-born cornhusker who

can save the Party from Willkie, who can save the country from Roosevelt, and who can save the world from Wallace.

Bricker may become President. He may be given the task of finishing up the war; of reorganizing the government. He may sit down with Stalin and Churchill to make the peace. Yet few people outside Ohio know what he looks like, and even fewer people know what he believes. The effort to discover what he believes, particularly about "the postwar world," has developed into a national reportorial contest, and this is my official entry. I spent some days in Columbus talking with the Governor, Mrs. Bricker and others in preparation for the entry.

On one point I am convinced. The day John Bricker became



John W. Bricker

President of the United States would be the greatest moving day on record. Those whose first requirement is a man who will "turn the rascals out" need go no further. The first day Bricker was Governor of Ohio he fired four thousand office holders "without creating a single vacancy." Today, in spite of greatly increased public services, he has fewer State employes than when he went in five years ago.

Ordinarily, Bricker is a quiet, good-humored fellow. His legs are longer than Lincoln's, and he likes to stretch them out before an open fire. He can discuss skunks without wrinkling his nose. But when he gets to "New Deal bureaucrats," his voice begins to rasp; his collar starts choking him; he jerks himself up to a full six feet three; and his arms flail the atmosphere.

"We've got 22,000 State employes in Ohio," he roars, "but we've got 90,000 Federal employes in Ohio. What do they do? I ask you, what do they do? We haven't asked deferment for a single State employé, yet thousands of these Federal jobholders are being kept out of the Army!"

Bricker has spent all of his forty-nine years within twenty miles of Columbus. New York is a far-off place to him. He looks like Mr.

Midwest. He is not as pretty as Paul McNutt; his face is more rugged and his white hair is not as long and curly. There is nothing brilliant about the man or his views — one suspects that he would take an adjective like "brilliant" as a slur on his pride as a plain, homespun, common-sense fellow. Bricker is the farm boy who was born in a "cabin"; who went to the little red schoolhouse, which is still standing for evidence; and whose old German-Scot-Irish father stopped at the end of the corn row one day and said to him: "Son, if we work hard and save every penny, I think we can spare enough to help you through college."

At Ohio State University Bricker was the big, earnest hayseed who knew everybody on the campus by his first name, and who even then was conniving to be Governor. As soon as he was let out of the Army, he hung up his law shingle and began courting invitations to speak at high school commencement exercises. For years, at his own expense, he would drive hundreds of miles and speak at every crossroads. He specialized in defending municipalities and built up the sort of personal following that is money-in-the-bank for a politician. After a surprising trial race, he was given the GOP nom-

ination for attorney-general without opposition in 1932, and has been unopposed for nominations ever since. In three races for Governor his majorities have grown steadily. In 1940 Roosevelt carried Ohio by 140,000, but Bricker carried it for Governor by 346,000.

II

All his political life Bricker has been fighting the New Deal machine. Each of his races has been a dog-eat-dog slugging match between his crowd and Washington. Washington has used all of its tricks against Bricker, such as withholding relief payments and threatening to cut off various funds, and Bricker has fought fire with fire so fiercely and for so long that the defeat of the New Deal machine is his principal obsession. He doesn't want to be President to save the world; he wants to be President to fumigate Washington. In his own words: "To defeat that bunch of rascals, I'd do anything from ringing doorbells to running for President!"

When Bricker became Governor in 1938, the State government was falling apart. The State debt was upwards of \$20,000,000. The grafters were getting rich, grabbing kick-backs on everything from

bulldozers to baling wire. Bricker started cleaning up and cleaning out. He installed a model State purchasing system. He reorganized most of the State departments. He began to repair the State services and pay debts. Today Ohio has a surplus of \$40,000,000, and its public services are among the best in the country.

Bricker accomplished these reforms at no cost to the State's social security program. He has increased old age pensions; he has raised schoolteacher salaries and pensions; he has liberalized the State's unemployment compensation act; he has established experimental funds for agriculture; and the State has begun planning to help returning Ohio soldiers readjust themselves.

If Bricker hasn't been "for" labor, neither has he been against labor. He has never used the National Guard; he has sponsored no antilabor measures. In the 1942 elections the CIO in Cleveland endorsed Bricker's opponent, New Dealer John McSweeney, but the AFL took no stand, and Bricker carried Cuyahoga County, which includes Cleveland, by a whopping majority.

I found no responsible person on either side in Columbus who would deny that Bricker has made

the best Governor Ohio has had in forty years. He is ruggedly honest, intensely sincere. He has worked and paid his own way in his own affairs. He has never bought anything he didn't have the money to pay for. He has insisted that the State of Ohio live by the same rules.

If the war were over and Bricker became President, these are the objectives which he would aim at on the domestic front:

1. A drastic decrease in the number of Federal employes.

2. A drastic decrease in the cost of the Federal Government.

3. No reduction in taxes, perhaps even higher taxes, but an immediate effort to reduce and stabilize the national debt.

4. A reshuffling of taxes to "encourage business and to encourage chance-taking." Bricker repeats: "You've got to have business before you can have jobs" and "this country was built by chance-takers."

5. An immediate reorganization of most Federal departments. The State governments would move back into the national picture, and governors would be given some of the duties which have been delegated to "regional directors" by the New Deal.

6. Encouragement of State gov-

ernments to engage in public works, to handle the problem of the returning soldier, to develop their social services, and generally, to give the Federal Government a chance to right itself and start paying off.

7. "Restoration of the political vitality of the people," in Bricker's own words. He thinks this can be done by encouraging more interest in local government. He believes that when the national government assumes more and more functions, the people lose interest in the political process and thus lose their "political vitality."

8. Perhaps some legislation designed to "make unions more responsible to their memberships," but no drastic changes in existing laws affecting labor.

Those would be the principal features of a Bricker domestic program. When I asked him to state his domestic beliefs in his own words, he replied:

"I believe that our first objective is to maintain private enterprise and individual initiative in America. We can prevent the evils without destroying the system. We can help those who are in need without perpetuating the causes of poverty. We can preserve dividends on individual initiative and rewards for creative genius. We

can keep diligence more profitable than sloth. We want the kind of society wherein people are willing to take a chance and wherein the chance of profit is greater than the chance of loss. We want a society wherein the individual boy and girl, or the returning soldier, can get a job with a reasonable hope of promotion. We want a homeland where people can work hard and save money and start a business of their own."

The Governor smote the table when he reached that last line. "Why, hell, man, that struggling and saving and building is the American Process. That's what we are fighting to save!"

Through those generalities you can see a strong outline of John Bricker as President.

III

On the question of the international aspects of the postwar world, Bricker seeks to disarm you with modesty. When I asked him for some discussion he replied:

"I don't know anything about how the postwar world should be organized. I have never been to Europe. How can I know where the boundary between Russia and Poland should be? How can I know what kind of government France

should have? I have spent my life trying to be a good Governor of Ohio. If anyone is thinking of my being President, it is because I have made a good Governor of this State. If I should be elected President, I'll get the best advice I can find from people who know something about the rest of the world, and I'll do the best I can."

"What about co-operation with other nations?" I asked.

"Well, we should certainly co-operate to keep the peace," he answered. "The Republicans can probably do the job much better than the New Dealers. They had seven years to prevent the war and stop Hitler, and their record doesn't look so good."

"But what about helping other nations?" I insisted. "What do you foresee as America's obligation to other nations?"

"Obligation?" he said. "Our first obligation is to be strong ourselves. We can't help anybody unless we are strong. We can't give to others unless we have something to give. We can't inspire love of liberty unless we maintain it here. We can't give the downtrodden of the world a vision of a better life unless we ourselves possess a better way of life. So for reasons both selfish and unselfish, our first obligation is to make America strong,

free, prosperous, and a wholesome place in which to live."

"What do you think about these plans suggested by Wallace and Willkie and Governor Stassen?" I countered.

"I think they are talking about something they know little about," he answered bluntly. "I think they are rendering some service. It's all right to discuss such things. But since no man knows what conditions will prevail after the war, why don't we devote all we've got to the winning of the war and to saving our own country first? How far we should go in a world organization is something to be decided when peace has come and we can see what kind of world we are in."

"Do you consider yourself an isolationist?" I asked.

"Of course not," he replied. "That's an irresponsible label that is hurting our country. I've spent my life in Ohio, but that doesn't mean that I don't know the world is growing smaller. More than two years ago our Legislature began promoting research in the field of food dehydration. I can foresee the day when every farmer will have a dehydration unit which can reduce his produce to one-tenth its original weight without destroying its food value. We can see those same cargo planes flying the skies.

The world will become a neighborhood. Nations must learn to live close together. Points of friction will be multiplied, but they must be eliminated. The people of the Midwest are ready to join any sound co-operative movement which has as its object the prevention of war."

"Do you think that America should co-operate to help raise the living standard of the world?" I asked.

"That depends on what is meant," he replied. "I think we should live and let live. I think that we should see that no more hostile war machines are built. But I don't think we should tell other nations what sort of government they should have. We shouldn't try to impose our will upon other peoples of the world. And as for living standards, I want America to hold out a helping hand, but I want our first concern to be our own living standard and our own safety."

IV

The one inescapable impression of Bricker is that here is a Republican who is proud of being a Republican; who speaks of "the Party" with reverence in his voice; who has no apologies to make for any Republicans of the past except to say

"they were no worse than the others"; and who believes that the Republican Party should make the peace and reorganize the nation.

The disturbing things about Bricker, to one interviewer at least, are some of his bedfellows; his exaggerated party consciousness; and his avowed intention of depending on "the best advice I can get" on international matters. He is frankly, even a bit proudly, the provincial, without convictions on world affairs at a time when those affairs overshadow everything else. Whether or not the war is ended, the next President will face international problems of the greatest importance. Whether a man of Mr. Bricker's type will measure up to the challenge is a wide-open question. He will take advice, but the unanswered question is: "Whose advice?"

Is the international advice to be furnished by Colonel McCormick and General Wood? By Mr. Hoover? By some unidentified bell-ewes in the Party who have learned nothing since Harding? Or is the advice to be furnished by Senator Austin, of Vermont, or Governor Stassen, or Governor Saltonstall — the progressives and idealists of the Party? Will Bricker lead the nation toward world co-operation, or would he lead us back toward cynicism

and isolationism? The fact that his most vociferous backers are the men in the Party who are loudest in their criticism of the "internationalism" of Willkie and Stassen leaves the answer in doubt.

Bricker does not seem to be embarrassed by any of his supporters. "Is Mr. Hoover advising you?" I asked.

"No, he is not advising me," he answered. "But I have a profound respect for Mr. Hoover's advice."

"Are the Duponts, the Pughs and Mr. Ernest Weir supporting you?" I asked.

"Well, I am not running for anything yet," he parried. "But if I do, I certainly hope all those gentlemen will support me. We shall need their support if we are to defeat the Browders and the Hagues."

"Will you welcome the support of the Chicago *Tribune*?"

"Certainly. I'll welcome the support of everyone who wants to support a sound program for rebuilding the country. We'll need strong support in Illinois if we are going to beat the Kelly-Nash-Roosevelt outfit."

"Do you consider yourself another Harding?"

Them's fighting words around the Ohio capitol. The Governor bristled and said: "Certainly not.

The last Ohio *Governor* to become President was McKinley.”

There would be nothing hybrid about the Republican Party which returns to Washington if Bricker leads the parade back. Mr. Hoover would be the revered Elder Statesman. Senator Taft probably would be Secretary of State. The National Association of Manufacturers could doff its inferiority complex and start calling at the front door again. Mr. Willkie would devote his full time to his journalistic efforts. Joe Martin would be Speaker of the House, and Mr. Weir could lead the next Mission to Moscow, if he wished.

Mrs. Bricker doesn't object to being told that she looks something like Mrs. Coolidge. She is a very gracious, easily met woman of forty-five, who has an active curiosity in what goes on. She likes people and has entertained 19,000 of them at the Governor's Mansion in the twelve months before Pearl Harbor. She was a Kappa Kappa Gamma, May Queen, and president of Mortar Board at Ohio State, and she is no mean politician in her own right. She devotes her time to the Red Cross, and to looking after the Governor, her twelve-year-old son, and her mother. The Brickers are members of the First Community Church in Columbus.

As a Presidential candidate, John Bricker will be tough. He is not a businessman like Landon, but a professional politician like Roosevelt. He looks like a President. He is one inch taller than Roosevelt and weighs ten pounds more. He knows all the tricks of the trade. Prohibition? Well, says Bricker, it has never been an issue with me. He takes an occasional cocktail and makes it last all evening. He smokes occasionally but prefers cigars. The Negro vote? Bricker recently appointed a Negro to a Cleveland judgeship. He claims the New Deal has let the Negro down at a crisis. Small business? Bricker is for it. Labor? Bricker has been called “the best Republican labor-runner.” Religion? Bricker's Community Church has twenty-six different denominations in it. Pre-war isolationism? Bricker was so busy “running Ohio” that he had no time for that fight. He left those matters “up to the State Department.” Postwar world? Bricker will cross that fence when he gets to it, but his first concern will be a strong America.

Bricker comes from a State which has produced seven Republican Presidents since the War for Southern Independence. You can get odds in Columbus that Bricker will be the eighth.

COOPERATING WITH RUSSIA

By EUGENE LYONS

FOR a long time there has been a kind of taboo on candid discussion of Russia's rôle in the war and the hoped-for peace. Comment on the subject has had to start with the infantile premise that contradictions, if any, between the USSR and the rest of the United Nations are of the variety easily dissolved in the milk of allied kindness. Few, for instance, have dared speak out as uninhibitedly on past and prospective Soviet political intentions as Pearl Buck, Wendell Willkie, Harold Laski and hundreds of others have spoken out on British intentions. This special attitude towards their country has hardly been flattering to the Russians. It smacks of concealment of unpleasant facts; the implications of the reticences are, in truth, more unkind than any open speech could be.

But events are breaking down that taboo. The magnificent Russian offensive this winter, for instance, forced the problem of Soviet territorial plans into the open. Stalin himself helped bring into sharp focus the fears that he

may be fighting a limited rather than a total war against Germany and its allies by underlining that "the Red Army now has only to pursue it [the Hitlerite Army] to the western frontiers of our country." The bloody struggle between pro- and anti-Soviet elements in Yugoslavia; the promotion of pan-Slavic congresses under communist auspices in England, the United States, Latin America and Russia itself; the intensified communist infiltration of French, Italian and other exile groupings — these are only a few of the factors which make the hush-hush policy on Russia ludicrous and impossible.

Open consideration of Russian affairs is consequently growing, in volume and in frankness. Mr. Anthony Eden's visit to the United States was concerned with a multitude of problems, but public interest and speculation were concerned almost exclusively with his views on Russian relations. A semi-official attempt was made here to squelch or play down the story of Stalin's execution of two veteran European

democrats and anti-fascists, Henryk Erlich and Victor Alter, who were killed despite the intercession of Mr. Willkie, Mrs. Roosevelt, the heads of the AFL and CIO and hundreds of other Americans and Britishers. It is symptomatic of the new candor in this area of international relations that the story would not stay suppressed and is being widely discussed. The recent outbursts of Ambassador Standley in Moscow (which may have been less impulsive than it seems) has drawn the veil from some of the sources of Russo-American friction. Even the mystical discourses of Vice-President Wallace are helping to break hypocritical silences on the Russian theme.

A specious argument might be put up for a moratorium on free speech generally; no such argument can be advanced for imposing a moratorium on open discussion of Russia only.

II

No one in his senses denies that agreement between the Soviet Union and the Anglo-American bloc is indispensable to total victory and to the maintenance of a peaceable equilibrium of some kind thereafter. The USSR bulks too large in the world to be ignored,

snubbed or wished away. None of our blueprints for the postwar world has any relevance to actuality if it avoids or postpones consideration of Russia's military, geographical and ideological weight. We do not need, therefore, to share Mr. Wallace's curious delusions about "economic democracy" in Russia, or accept Mr. Willkie's adolescent hymns to the new Russia, to join wholeheartedly in their pleas for co-operation and collaboration with that country. The alternative to collaboration is too frightening to contemplate. Soberly and seriously we must face three common-sense propositions:

1. That the USSR, whether alone or in co-operation with the Anglo-Saxon nations, will have a major rôle in shaping the postwar world.
2. That Russia's domestic régime, as a system of life and government, is obnoxious to all but a few Americans and Britishers.
3. That we must find some basis for living in the same world with Russia notwithstanding, to avoid another and more terrible war.

This is the inescapable reality. The need for an understanding with Russia before it is too late is so urgent that some of our leaders feel justified in resorting to desperate propaganda devices. If it is necessary to paint Russia in the

colors of democracy, to flatter its dictator, to minimize our own contributions to the over-all war effort, to placate our domestic communists, they feel that the price is not too high.

But there is no such necessity. On the contrary, international relations based on illusions are dangerous if only because disillusionment is inevitable. In the difficult job of dealing with Russia, our government needs the enlightened support of the American people, but support bought with fairy tales will turn sour when the pretty stories are exploded. Unless we put an end to official and unofficial lying about Russia, unless the American people are taken into confidence on the whole business, we are heading for a violent revulsion of public sentiment on the entire problem of worldwide postwar collaboration. And the fault will not be Russia's but our own: Russia has neither demanded nor encouraged naïveté on our part; if anything, it has given us a consistent example of unsentimental, practical attitudes in its own behavior.

The mistake which certain "liberals" make is in arguing that we must work together with Russia because it is not as bad as it has been painted. Under that argument is the defeatist assumption that if

the Soviet régime is undemocratic or anti-democratic, if its conception of the postwar world is unlike our own, then there can be no basis for agreement. That is why they repeat, in a kind of panic, that under its dictatorial habiliments the Soviet state is really somehow democratic and even moving towards economic freedom. That is why they pretend that Russia is in some vague fashion "like America." That is why they drag out the still-born Stalin Constitution and try to suppress honest books about Soviet life and history.

Such political ostrichism accomplishes nothing beyond salving the liberal conscience. Unwilling to sully their principles by associating with a dictatorship, they solve the problem neatly by assuring themselves and the world that it is *not* a dictatorship. Unfortunately such legerdemain condemns to failure in advance every attempt to find a workable agreement with Russia by making its success dependent on our brand of political respectability. To put the matter simply, what will the Wallaces do when they discover — as in the end they may — that Russia is not an economic democracy and does not offer religious liberty and has no intention of changing its political views to save face for the Atlantic Charter?

I submit that we shall be closer

to achieving an understanding with Russia if we argue that we must find ways and means of co-operation *despite* the fact that Russia is remarkably like it has been painted. After all, the Russians are no more overjoyed at the prospect of collaboration with "decadent plutocracies" than we are at the prospect of collaboration with a one-party dictatorship. As long as we persist blindly in measuring Russia with our own liberal and democratic yardsticks, we are side-tracking Soviet-American relations into a never-never land. Raymond Clapper recently got off a few sane paragraphs when he wrote:

Winston Churchill and Stalin don't get along. Uncle Joe is quite bitter toward Churchill. Yet the relations between Great Britain and Russia are very much better than ours with Russia. The reason is that, thanks to Churchill, the British people are on a realistic and not a sentimental basis toward Russia.

In less than twenty-four hours after Germany attacked Russia in June of 1941, Churchill told his people what the score was. Churchill said he had fought communism for twenty-five years and took back nothing that he had said. He said Nazism was indistinguishable from the worst features of communism. But Churchill said he would help anybody that was fighting the Nazis.

Why not stand on that?

Thus far we have refused to stand on that, with the result that

every new evidence of Russia's special character and ambitions has created a dangerous moral crisis in our midst. Not content with the historical windfall which set Hitler's powerful neighbor to killing off Germans by the million, we have been sweating to convince ourselves that Russia has been miraculously changed by the Nazi invasion. Something in our Puritan conscience, it would seem, has compelled us to deck the Soviet régime with democratic trimmings which only annoy and embarrass every honest Bolshevik.

Almost the first incident in Soviet-American relations after Hitler scrapped his friendship pact with Stalin was our President's statement, on October 2, 1941, suggesting that religious freedom was flourishing in Russia. The Kremlin generously ignored that *faux pas*. Soon thereafter the State Department gave its blessings to ex-Ambassador Davies' upside-down account of Soviet policy — an account that glorifies blood purges and aggressions on weak neighbors. Books actually in type — such as the story of his year in Moscow by G. E. R. Gedye of the New York *Times* and Trotsky's meticulously documented biography of Stalin — have been denied to the American people. One zealous publisher even

made the remarkable proposal that the literary purge be made retroactive by removing from book stores and libraries all existing books which put the Soviet facts in an "unfriendly" light. The President released the head of the American Communist Party from prison, where he was serving for a self-confessed crime. Every reference to notorious and undisputed facts about Russia's terror, its totalitarian system, its network of fifth columns, was treated as a species of sabotage of the war effort.

If the whole business were merely "policy," an attempt to fool the American people, it could be charged off against clumsy propaganda by people comparatively new to the techniques. But the lying goes deeper. It seems to have convinced some of the liars, and to that extent is disarming us in a diplomatic struggle where we ought to be fully armed with the facts.

Recently, to cite an instance, the Office of War Information prepared a fat bulletin about books on Russia for the guidance of members of its own staff. One would suppose that these people, at least, could be trusted with the facts of life. Yet that confidential bulletin would have had only minor difficulties in passing a rigid Soviet censor. The major portion is devoted to ex-

cerpts from a book by Albert Rhys Williams which is unadulterated Muscovite propaganda. The crowning "information" provided for the guidance of OWI innocents is a summary of the Stalin Constitution by Sidney and Beatrice Webb — an uncritical summation that describes the document as "a new Declaration of the Rights of Man."

That sort of thing is no longer even amenable to the alibi of propagandist expediency. It is straight self-befuddlement. In the measure that it becomes the informational preparation for dealing with the tough realities of Soviet-American relations, it is a firm guarantee of failure.

For another measure of the frivolous naïveté with which we tend to approach a serious task I offer an exhibit drawn from Professor Max Lerner. In the concluding paragraphs of a series of editorials in the New York tabloid *PM*, he outlines some "plans for a program of common action" by America, Britain and Russia. One of his chief suggestions is that the three nations make it "unmistakably clear" that governments set up under their "trusteeship" will all be "*progressive democratic régimes*." It apparently has not occurred to the professor that the Soviet notion of what is "progressive" and "demo-

cratic" may be quite unlike ours. He does not even confront the elementary dilemma that would face the "trustees" by régimes under totalitarian communist control.

It is imperative that an understanding with Russia be reached, but it can be achieved only "on a realistic not a sentimental basis."

III

Those who deplore a certain lack of enthusiasm in the relations between the USA and the USSR usually imply that America and America alone blocks the road to more cordial understanding. This notion is the largest ingredient in the sentimental hodgepodge that passes for opinion on Russia. But it happens to be grotesquely false. The pressures and pleadings for more cordial relations have come wholly from our side and have been met with icy indifference by the Soviet press and leaders. The only specific proposals for exploratory conferences have been made by our State Department.

We cannot hope to traverse that road to mutual understanding until we admit that it takes at least two to make a bargain.

The formula "My country, right or wrong," has its defects. But it still makes more sense than "My coun-

try, always wrong," the formula that seems to prevail in anything touching Russia. The self-abasement of certain of our publicists and politicians whenever Russia is on the agenda is rather obscene. In apportioning blame for the heritage of mutual distrust they remember Munich but forget the Soviet-Hitler Pact. They remember the Allied intervention in Russia but forget a quarter of a century of Communist International harassments in our own country. They attack the absence of a second front in Western Europe during Russia's travail but avoid mention of the absence of a second front in Eastern Europe during the travail of France, England, the Low Countries and Scandinavia; and they ignore wholly the fact that our war with Japan — forced on us by Japanese attack precisely as Russia's war with Germany was forced on it by German attack — helps to safeguard the USSR in the Far East.

To listen to our breast-beaters, one would suppose that Stalin plunged into this war and has been fighting it so heroically just for our sakes. They seem, indeed, obsessed by the fear that he will stop fighting the moment we stop singing his praises. This obsession reached its nethermost point in the

passionate warning by Mr. Wallace that another war is probable "if we doublecross Russia. . . . Without a close and trusting understanding between Russia and the United States," he added, "there is grave possibility of Russia and Germany later making common cause." If ever the Kremlin needs a perfect alibi for getting together again with Germany, our Vice-President has provided it. The warning by our second highest executive official that if there is any doublecrossing it will come from our side is a startling sample of self-abasement in the spirit of "My country, always wrong." With all our faults, we can still risk comparison with other nations in the matter of international political morals.

The Russians, doubtless for good and sufficient reason, refused to participate in the Casablanca conference, refused to acknowledge publicly that they had been invited, and even failed to send a public thank-you note for being kept fully informed on the proceedings. Did we blame Russia? Not at all. Willkie rushed to the radio mike to blame America and journalistic pundits deplored our inability to shanghai Stalin or Molotov for the conference.

When Anglo-American military leaders decided that it would be

suicidal to invade Europe prematurely, Russia had every right to demur. But why should so many Americans — clergymen, movie stars, politicians, society ladies and other such military experts — have hastened to give Russia rather than America the benefit of the doubt?

In reporting our Ambassador's protest against Soviet soft-pedaling of the news of American relief and lend-lease, one American correspondent in Moscow, David M. Nichol, began his dispatch thus: "Admiral Standley's statement provides the first mention of a situation that has puzzled and annoyed those few Americans, official and unofficial, who have had an opportunity to observe its Moscow aspect." There we have a hint of the forbearance that the Admiral must have exercised in not speaking up sooner. But if Admiral Standley counted on sympathy from fellow-Americans, he reckoned without reference to our penchant for self-abasement in relation to the Soviets. There was a hailstorm of brickbats. One New York radio commentator, Waverly Root, not only denounced the Ambassador unsparingly but declared that we ought to be thankful the Russian press does not *attack* us for our slackness in the war effort!

Strangely, our press virtually ignored the more significant half of Admiral Standley's bill of complaints: Russia's refusal to give us a satisfactory close-up view of its military picture. Two or three Americans were accorded the privilege of a fleeting glimpse of the Soviet front, but the Kremlin has consistently turned a deaf ear to Allied pleading for a continuous and organized exchange of military information. It is reliably reported that Moscow even refused to permit the British to establish an RAF reconnaissance post in the Soviet Far North to protect shipments to Russia and incidentally British and American lives. It is an open secret that Stalin will not permit our fliers to deliver our planes. As a result Russia knows a great deal about our installations in Alaska, whereas we are not permitted to know anything about Soviet installations in Kamchatka and Siberia. The alibi of "natural Russian secretiveness" is nonsensical. In the First World War the Tsarist government gave its Allies full military information. The secretiveness is not Russian but Soviet.

Our breast-beaters to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a fact that the only agitation and pressure for more cordial Soviet-American relations have come from our side.

The wooing may have been inadequate to crack Soviet apathy or melt Soviet suspicions, but it has been one-sided. Leading American officials and public figures have taken part in gigantic celebrations of Bolshevik holidays. Soviet relief activities have involved tens of thousands of Americans, though most of them have no sympathy with Bolshevik ideas. We have published Soviet books, suppressed anti-Soviet books, produced Soviet plays and made Stalinist movies. Neither Roosevelt nor any other national spokesman makes a public address on the war without cheers for Stalin. Rarely in history, indeed, has a nation made its eagerness for friendship and understanding more manifest.

There have been no corresponding gestures of friendship at the Russian end. Following the Stalin-Hitler Pact, the Soviet Union went out of its way to demonstrate cordial feelings for Germany. There were exhibitions of German culture, a revival of German music, fulsome editorial tributes to the new friendship. No such display of cordiality has followed the Soviet-American-British alliance, except in the United States and England. After Casablanca, Roosevelt and Churchill were in desperate need of a tiny word of public recognition if not

applause from Moscow. They practically begged for it, but it was not forthcoming. Most remarkable of all, the Kremlin has failed to take any action to discredit the Goebbels propaganda seeking to drive a wedge between Russia and the democracies. A Soviet invitation to exchange military information, a friendly gesture towards the Poles, even a kind editorial in *Pravda* on Anglo-American assistance would have taken the wind out of Hitler's propaganda sails. Not only has Russia abstained from any such move but it chose precisely this critical moment to announce disturbing territorial claims in Eastern Europe and to deny that the Allies are helping to carry the weight of the war. If Stalin had wished to bolster the Goebbels propaganda line, he scarcely could have behaved more inconsiderately towards his democratic allies.

IV

In commenting on the coming work of reconstruction in Europe, the *New York Times* wrote editorially on March 9:

Russia must have its full share in that work. We may say frankly that she will be doublecrossing the other United Nations if she does not assume her part of the responsibility.

To date Russia has emphasized her unilateral territorial decisions rather than her joint responsibility. She has undertaken an ambitious pan-Slavic drive without so much as consulting the United Nations. She has made no slightest move to repudiate or curb the Third International fifth columns in countries allied with it. Dr. Norman Angell has stated, rightly, that "in China, Chiang Kai-shek has been obliged to withhold large Chinese armies from the Japanese front in order to fight Chinese communists." That situation could be cured with one hint from Moscow, but the hint has not been given. The Soviet government has made no commitments in relation to our desperate struggle in the Pacific; on the contrary, it has left no room for doubt that its neutrality is genuine and its future conduct untrammelled.

Above all, it has withheld any word of reassurance to the smaller United Nations who, after all, are also our Allies. Taken together they constitute a political force which must not be alienated, quite aside from the moral obligations involved. Postwar frontier adjustments are of course inevitable—but shall they be made by unilateral announcement? The issue has been stated courageously in another *New York Times* editorial,

on March 21, from which I quote a few sentences:

American opinion will not look favorably on any proposal to put the small nations on the auction block in order to purchase Russian confidence and co-operation. . . . The European nations did not go to war against Hitler in order to submit to Russian domination. For let there be no illusions on this point: the communist Trojan Horse is not stronger in Europe than the Nazi Fifth Column, and the European nations are tired of both of them. But if they are forced to choose, they may choose Hitler rather than Stalin. And the only way to rouse their wholehearted resistance to the Nazis is to assure them that there is no need for such a desperate choice — which there isn't if the United Nations remain loyal to the Atlantic Charter. Nor would such an appeasement of Russia be more successful than the attempt to appease Hitler.

In the light of these cumulative facts, the "liberal" criticism of American policy on the Soviet Union appears silly and mischievous. There is no one among us, regardless of how we despise the Soviet internal régime, who does not recognize the urgency of drawing Russia into the concert of United Nations. But wishful thinking will not accomplish this. Delusions on the character of the country and the problems involved can only doom to failure every effort to reach firm settlements of complex problems. Self-deprecation and uncritical applause for the Stalinist viewpoint can only fortify

Stalin's side and weaken ours in essential negotiations where the advantages are nearly all on Russia's side to begin with.

A great many matters remain to be clarified and adjusted — their number increases with every passing week: Russia's territorial ambitions in Poland, the Baltic, the Balkans, the Middle East; her plans and purposes in the Far East and the Pacific; her relations with open and underground Comintern agencies in Europe, Asia and the Americas; her views on postwar collaboration to prevent chaos and support reconstruction. Certainly we must bring good will to the difficult task, but we must also bring enough hard-boiled realism to match the Kremlin's.

In all this there is no suggestion that American policies towards Russia have been exemplary or that we do not share in the blame for the heritage of distrust between the two nations. Certainly there is no excuse for tackling complicated diplomatic jobs with a chip on the shoulder. But shoulders hunched in a sense of imaginary guilt are even worse. Sentimentality, officially fostered misinformation about Russia and masochistic self-denunciation will put us at too great a disadvantage. We must give Uncle Sam at least a marginal benefit of the doubt.

THE MIRACULOUS ELECTRON

BY EDWARD ROBINSON

A FANTASTIC technological revolution, destined soon to alter the habits of the world, is quietly taking place behind the guarded doors of our wartime laboratories. The chief instrument of this impending change is the remarkable device known as the electron tube, and the magicians responsible for the revolution are the electronics scientists now developing this device for secret military uses.

Already their war achievements border on the miraculous. Yet of even greater future significance is the accumulated reservoir of new discoveries that will become available for peacetime application. After the last war, electronics produced the wonders of radio, television and sound motion pictures. This time, release of the new knowledge will radically affect industry, transportation, communications, medicine, biology and virtually ev-

ery other major phase of human activity.

The first rudimentary electron tube was put together by Ambrose Fleming as far back as 1906. Since then, use of the tube in radios and other sound-reproducing equipment has become widely familiar. But the staggering variety of its present and potential uses elsewhere is still generally unrealized.

Electron tubes have made possible the fluoroscope and cardiograph, the telephoto and radiophone. Within the past few years, a bewildering assortment of electron tube devices has begun to perform unprecedented tasks. The *ignitron* welds strips of steel together in fractions of a second by means of focused heat. The *precipitron* automatically frees air of dust, gases and other minute impurities. X-ray movie cameras record the action of whirling engines and speeding bul-

EDWARD ROBINSON, formerly on the staff of United Features Syndicate, now free-lances for the magazines. He is also a musician — his chamber music, songs and orchestral works having been performed at concerts and issued on records. Born in New York, 1905, and graduated from Columbia University.

lets. Diathermy machines apply internal heat to ailing bodies, and ultra-violet germicidal lamps destroy harmful bacteria. The electric knife performs bloodless surgical operations. Photo-electric tubes open doors and level elevators, wrap packages and sort oranges, operate railroad signals and direct automobile traffic, regulate the flow of power in industrial furnaces, and automatically shut off machines when a worker's arm gets too close to a dangerous moving part.

The speed and sensitivity of the electron tube are almost incredible. It can count 50,000 objects per minute, differentiate between 2,000,000 shades of color, detect invisible substances weighing only one ten-billionth of an ounce. Because of these capacities, electronic devices are used automatically to correct the color register in printing presses, to square the lengthwise and crosswise threads in weaving operations, and to sound alarms when minute quantities of gas begin to seep into mines. Used in *oscilloscopes*, the tube records internal engine vibrations on sensitized film, enabling designers to study otherwise unobtainable engineering data. With *stroboscopes*, propellers whirling at high speed can be viewed in slow motion, their action "frozen" in exposures of a few millionths of a

second. And astronomers, calculating by electronics, can measure iron in the dust of inter-stellar space.

Yet the most phenomenal of all electronics achievements are those emerging from the present research in ultra-short waves, or microwaves. Automatic radio devices, for example, now aim and fire naval guns with deadly accuracy at invisible targets more than twenty-five miles away. Electronic detectors warn of hostile planes hundreds of miles off, long before they can be seen or heard. By means of radio locators, warships at sea can peer through the thickest fog or blackest night and determine the exact position of distant enemy vessels. In the air, instruments tell the pilot of a night fighter plane precisely when his opponent has come within firing range. On land, sappers carry portable mine detectors which indicate exactly where lethal explosives have been buried by the enemy. The increased effectiveness of anti-aircraft guns is due to electronic devices which now automatically pick out attacking planes despite their great height and speed.

Out of the new research have come marvelous communications devices. These are playing a vital rôle in current battle operations. Mobile two-way radios, for example, enable field officers in advanced

positions to maintain constant communication with planes in the sky, ships at sea and tanks on land. Some of the new two-way sets are so light that even parachutists can carry them on their backs and talk with each other. Other technical innovations now make it possible to send secret wire messages which come out as scrambled gibberish to all stations except the one specifically "tuned" to receive them. One ingenious development is a tiny radio unit which automatically records and broadcasts weather conditions, functioning unattended for several months. When buried on distant enemy shores, these miniature stations supply advance weather forecasts every few hours as a guide for airplane and other projected military operations.

II

Scientifically, the significance of electronics goes much deeper than these specific achievements, remarkable as they may be. The electron tube is giving man unprecedented insight into one of nature's most mysterious and powerful forces, providing a means of harnessing this force and directing it at will. Thus it has become a fundamental tool of research whose future uses are almost unlimited.

For in the electron we have come closer than ever before to the ultimate source of all life and energy. The electron is the smallest known particle of matter. Charged with negative electricity, it is a part of everything that exists. All atoms of all substances are made up of positive and negative electrons. The positive electrons, called "protons," comprise the nucleus of every atom. Around this nucleus are the negative particles, known simply as "electrons." The electrons, lighter and more mobile, revolve around the nucleus of protons somewhat as the planets revolve around the sun. All atoms contain definite numbers of these positive and negative particles. When these are evenly balanced, the resulting matter is neutral.

Science now explains most processes as a movement of electrons and protons. All electrical currents, for example, are caused by the slow travel of a well-nigh infinite number of electrons along a wire. All light or other short wave-length radiations are caused by changes in position of the electrons within the atoms, and all chemical forces are due to the attractions of positive for negative electrons.

Essentially, the electron tube is a device which frees the whirling electrons from their proton nu-

cleus and sets them to work. The tube contains three basic elements: a filament or other substance (called a cathode) which supplies the electrons; a positively charged metal plate which attracts the electrons; and, in between, a mesh-like screen which controls the flow of electrons from one to the other. The electrons are set free from the cathode in two ways — by heat from an electric current, or by a beam of light. The tube itself contains either a high vacuum or a gas at low pressure. This enables the electrons to travel at enormous speeds, and permits sensitive control of their motion with the use of very little current. Finally, by varying the number or character of these elements, and by using many tubes in one circuit, a tremendous amplification of power and sensitivity is obtained.

Two further facts will help in understanding the electron tube's extraordinary powers. First, it takes thirty billion, billion, billion electrons (thirty quadrillion electrons) to weigh an ounce. Second, electrons can move with a greater velocity and a shorter wave-length than light itself. The electron tube, in other words, gives us precise control over a substance that is faster and smaller than anything that has ever been observed before.

Today, scientists are using this power to reach into the remotest realms of nature. On the one hand, they are extending the known range of radio frequencies, penetrating the mysteries of infra-red and ultra-violet rays, and exploring the ionosphere above the earth. On the other, they are reaching down into the infinitesimal world of sub-microscopic life, coming close to the transition between living and non-living substances. Previously, for example, even the most powerful optical microscope could not see objects much smaller than .0008 millimeters, which is the wave-length of visible light. But the newest electronic tool — the electron microscope — can see objects one-fiftieth that size. Using beams of high-speed electrons instead of rays of light, it achieves magnifications of 200,000 times life-size — or a hundred times more than the previous maximum. Theoretically, in fact, the electron microscope should be able to see atoms. Already it is practically possible to observe large molecules.

The potential discoveries resulting from this amazing exploratory instrument are beyond conjecture. Already the electron microscope has photographed the influenza virus and measured the destructive tobacco mosaic virus. It has shown

in detail the cellular structure of streptococci, pneumococci, typhoid bacilli, and other disease bacteria. It has made possible a direct study of the mechanism by which disease-fighting organisms in the blood, known as antibodies, attack a disease-producing virus introduced into a living animal.

Since the electron microscope will soon be able to perform direct molecular photography on a wide scale, it will enormously speed up the advance of organic chemistry — the science which has achieved wonders in synthetics and plastics, and developed whole new industries.

Research in the structure of metals, alloys and other materials will reveal fundamental secrets of metallurgy. Study of fibres will revolutionize the textile industry. Soil analysis with the electron microscope is contributing vital new knowledge to agriculture. Basic improvements are being effected in paints and pigments, ceramics and allied fields of manufacture.

In all of this, only a bare beginning has been made. There are no more than about fifty electron microscopes in use today. Many other complex electronic instruments are still available only to a handful of specialists. Yet even this small group of workers has been able to throw

the microcosmic world wide open. Once the newer instruments and techniques are generally available, a blinding array of discoveries will inevitably follow. Within the past few months, for example, the Indian scientist and Nobel Prize winner, Raman, applying electronic methods to the study of diamond carbon crystals, has come upon new data which may make it necessary for physicists to re-cast much of their present knowledge. Again, Dr. Harvey C. Rentschler, American physicist, thinks it quite possible that future medical practice will employ electronic rays to treat disease — using a specific wave-length to kill a specific virus or disease bacteria.

III

Electronic developments are now sufficiently advanced to cause far-reaching changes in postwar life. The tremendous expansion of civilian aviation, for instance, presupposes cheap mass production and foolproof operation of planes. Without electronic devices, neither of these essentials would be possible.

To have hundreds of thousands of planes flying safely in the air at the same time requires an absolutely precise method of traffic con-

trol. New micro-wave devices will provide that method. A ground control board, something like a train dispatcher's signal board, will indicate the exact height, speed and position of every plane in the air.

The operator of the board will be in two-way communication with each plane, and will issue precise traffic directions somewhat in the way block signalling now guides railroad trains. Just as electronic catapult speed indicators now control planes shot from a warship's deck, future devices will automatically ensure take-offs and landings on flying fields.

Electronic devices will enable pilots to operate with utmost safety regardless of weather conditions. An absolute altimeter will tell the pilot exactly how high he is above the ground. Another device will peer through the thickest fog and tell the pilot when mountains or other obstacles loom in his forward path. A fluorescent screen — operating regardless of fog, clouds or night — will give him an exact "picture" of the ground beneath.

Radiothermics — high-frequency heat — will help supply the speed and economy necessary for mass production of planes. High-frequency devices, which now glue plywood together in minutes in-

stead of days, will allow the widespread use of wooden parts. Radio-thermic welding of metal will eliminate tedious riveting and other costly, time-consuming industrial processes. Ignitrons, used to convert A-C into the D-C current required for electro-chemical processes, will double the extraction of magnesium from sea water and aluminum from bauxite — both essential metals for planes. Million-volt X-ray tubes, which photograph through several inches of steel, will automatically eliminate structural defects in heavy castings, thereby ensuring the safe performance of engines and other metal parts.

These electronic devices, of course, will effect similar engineering transformations in all industry. Automobile design and performance will be radically improved. The new safety devices will increase the efficiency of railroad and ocean transportation. The whole plastics industry will be tremendously expanded as a result of electronic methods of production, maintenance and repair. This expansion will play a vital part in the field of pre-fabricated housing, which is expected to attain an unprecedented boom in the years immediately after the war. Developments in the plastics and synthetics industries, in

fact, may well bring about basic changes in the economy of the world.

In the postwar years, television will unquestionably become one of the major new industries. Electronic improvements have already been effected which will give it the same practical status as radio today. Fairly inexpensive receiving sets, with large and clear screens, will be a commonplace in the home. Inter-city networks will cover the land. The television eye, freed from specially equipped studios, will broadcast from concert halls and battlefields, from the White House and the Kremlin, from ships at sea and planes in the sky. By-products of this development may even make it feasible for department stores to "show" merchandise over the telephone, or for diplomats in scattered continents to "confer" around the same table.

In hundreds of other details, postwar daily life will reflect changes brought about by electronics. Physicians will examine the action of bones and organs within their patients' bodies by using X-ray movie cameras. Garage repairmen will employ similar de-

vices to locate mechanical trouble in automobile engines. Textile workers will use high-frequency "torches" to stitch and seam cloth. Farmers will apply short-wave radiation to seeds and crops, increasing the fertility of their land. Wounds will be sterilized by ultraviolet tubes instead of medicinal germicides. Household lighting will probably be done by tiny mercury vapor lamps which rival the brightness of the sun. Banks will be protected by fences of invisible light rays, which will sound alarms when crossed by intruders. Fires will be forestalled by photo-tubes sensitive to the tiniest wisp of smoke.

And just beyond present practicability are electronic innovations revolutionary enough to be put down as pure magic. It is not inconceivable, for example, that radio high frequencies will some day be used to shoot electric power through space without wires. Results of such an achievement would be so fantastic that scientists will not even discuss them at the present time. The science of electronics is already miraculous enough to occupy man's fullest attention for generations to come.



SHOULD THE BRITISH EMPIRE BE BROKEN UP?

BY EMERY REVES

ANIMOSITY towards the British Empire is not a new thing. It has merely been accentuated by events in this war: the easy Japanese conquest of Hong Kong and Malaya, renewed unrest in India, the equivocal behavior of Egypt. The growing attacks on the British Commonwealth of Nations, in America and elsewhere, come for the most part from the same groups as in the past. However, there has also been a great accretion of anti-British sentiment from a source that merits earnest attention because it is more directly related to the winning of the war and the perspectives for the postwar period.

I refer to anti-British propaganda by romantic liberals who cling uncritically to shibboleths based on sentiment and isolated events — the same kind of people who were so largely responsible for the failure

of the peace set up in 1919 and for the disarming of the democratic countries. The most compulsive of the shibboleths are “national independence” and “national sovereignty.” Carried over from the world of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, they are defended with the passion of illogic, and their essence is: *the more wholly independent nations, the better*. Paradoxically, this passion is usually trimmed with semi-pacifism and a noble faith in good will between sovereign nations — things that are sharply at variance with the conception of nationalism.

These romantics automatically support every movement couched in the clichés of “national liberation” and “anti-imperialism,” no matter how reactionary and anti-democratic the consequences might be. They would be well advised to

EMERY REVES in this article follows out the logic of his previous article, “Wanted: a Declaration of Interdependence,” as applied to the British Empire. His book *A Democratic Manifesto* has won wide acclaim. From 1929 to 1939 he headed a worldwide service in Paris and London syndicating articles by Churchill, Herriot and other European statesmen and leaders.

examine their inherited attitudes in the light of new conditions. Their eagerness to break up the British Commonwealth might then appear less "liberal" and less noble. They might even gain a new respect for "imperialism," after scraping the unpleasant word for a more accurate present-day designation, such as "interdependence."

The writer is a naturalized British subject. He is not a Britisher either by birth or by origin, but by conviction and by free choice. He believes that since the Renaissance the British Empire has been the only world-wide organization capable of uniting in a single political and economic unit nationalities scattered all over the world, embracing all races and creeds; and of holding them together by predominantly pacific means. Its methods, he holds, have been in natural harmony with the development of modern commerce, communications, industrialism and democratic institutions.

The reference to "predominantly pacific means" will be challenged. Yet it is a fact that the building of the British Empire has nothing in common with the building of the empires of Alexander, Caesar, Genghis Khan — or Hitler. These were military conquests pure and simple, whereas most parts of the

British Empire belonged to the vast structure long before British soldiers landed.

The exceptions do not disprove this assertion. You cannot for centuries hold together five hundred million people on five continents without sporadic disturbances and the occasional use of force. But such military or revolutionary episodes have been few considering the dimensions of the Empire and the scope of progress achieved in it and through it. They have always been on a smaller scale than the wars, revolutions and other forms of violence in much smaller political units throughout the world. Perhaps the darkest page in the history of the British Empire is the Boer War. But after their defeat the Boers were received into the Empire as equals, and the Union of South Africa became an autonomous Dominion.

II

During the past two decades British policy has often been mistaken. Tragic errors were made by Baldwin, MacDonald, Chamberlain. But they were essentially the same errors committed by Giolitti, Nitti and Facta in Italy; by Stresemann, Brüning and Braun in Germany; by Daladier, Blum and

Sarraut in France; by *all* the democratic countries, not excepting the United States. The mistakes cannot be blamed on British Toryism or imperialism. They were the logical consequences of general dislocation and false interpretation of democratic principles.

Democracy, political freedom, the political rights of the individual, the equality of man before the law — all the things we have in mind when talking about democracy — are the products of Greek philosophy and Judeo-Christian ethics. Democracy and political independence as we conceive them today are in essence the fruit of Occidental civilization. The roots of democratic ideals, of course, are much deeper. Village communities in India were run on a democratic basis centuries before the Greek cities. Meng-tse in China expressed views similar to Jefferson's long before the Christian era. But the organization of powerful nations in centralized democratic states is something entirely new in human history, and it is the product of the Occident. Fifteen centuries of Judeo-Christian teaching about man created in the image of God, about the equality of man before God, were needed to forge the conceptions of modern democracy.

There have been, and there are,

other civilizations. Among them, certainly, the two most important are the Chinese and the Indian. But those great Asiatic civilizations are based on religious ideals, on notions of the relationship of man to man and man to God, entirely different from ours. Neither the Chinese nor the Indian peoples have ever had, nor have they ever yearned for, the political and social system we in the Occident call democracy.

To us there is something wrong and unjust about poverty. Our political struggles and aspirations tend to limit if not to abolish it, to create more goods and a more equitable distribution of wealth. Having made men more or less equal before the law and given them equal political rights, we seek to equalize their material conditions also. That, at least, is the motivating ideal, however far we may be from achieving it.

In India, however, poverty is not regarded as a social injustice. Indeed, its whole religious and social system is an indirect justification of poverty and social inequality. The Hindu faith, by which three hundred million Indians live, teaches that the soul is immortal, that every soul goes through endless reincarnations, and that no one can change or has the right to seek a

change in his conditions of existence. He can only strive through piety to improve his lot in a future incarnation, but not in the present one. The Hindu accepts as a fact that the unbelievable poverty and abject misery of the sixty million untouchables cannot be altered since they are suffering in this life the just punishment for sins in previous incarnations.

The leader of the untouchables, Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, recently recounted how, after his graduation from Columbia University, he returned to India and got a job at the Accountant General's Office at Baroda:

Papers had to be flung at me instead of being handed to me, and the carpet had to be rolled back lest higher castes stood on the same materials I stood on. . . . We are not allowed to take water from wells. We are denied access to the temples. In most places we are not allowed to own land and are permitted to do only scavenger work. The untouchable is a serf who dares not move to a new part of the country and pose as a free man because he would be beaten to death if discovered.

It would be an affront to the Indian people to criticize the teachings of their faith. But the facts themselves must be noted in the argument about British imperialism. Because the Empire seems most vulnerable at that point, India has been made the center of atten-

tion in all assaults on the Empire idea. Those who demand immediate and unconditional "liberation" of India speak in the language of freedom, democracy, equality. If these notions are real things, reflected in the life of the individual human being, and not abstractions or fetishes, the contrast between Western and Hindu civilization cannot be ignored.

III

How can you introduce political democracy in the Western sense, how can you initiate social reform among teeming millions, still overwhelmingly illiterate, whose existence is conditioned by religious and social principles so fundamentally opposed to democracy? To do so would be the most brazen act of "imperialistic" intervention. We can only hope that some day the Indian people will produce their own Kemal Pasha or Sun Yat-sen, strong enough to break through the age-old passivity.

Certainly Gandhi is no such leader. He is no George Washington. Nor is he comparable to Lenin or to Chiang Kai-shek, both of whom sought to revolutionize their masses, create strong centralized state machinery, establish powerful armies and institute modern indus-

trial methods. Gandhi preaches the very opposite of all this. He wants every Indian to continue his rural, primitive way of life and to make with his own hands what he needs for his own use. He does not want an Indian army, which he could create if he wanted to, but has raised the age-old passivity to the point of ecstasy. Gandhi and his followers are even hostile to medical science and oppose hospitals as the work of the devil. In their dogmatic fanaticism about the sanctity of life they go so far as to refuse to kill rats carrying the Bubonic plague and mosquitoes carrying yellow fever.

At such a stage in social development and with such barriers against material and social improvement, political democracy in our sense has no meaning whatsoever. Should the British withdraw from India, it would mean even greater poverty and disease and backwardness to more millions in India. From time immemorial India, like China, has had its periodical famines during which millions of people perished. In independent China famine still recurs from time to time. In India there has been no famine for the past fifty years, thanks to the irrigating system constructed by the British — probably the greatest work of its kind in the world.

Under the much-criticized *Pax Britannica*, the Indian population has more than doubled in a century. Internal dissensions have flared in murderous episodes despite the restraints imposed by the British; they would grow into a permanent state of civil and religious conflict once the restraints are removed. The present relative cohesion would collapse in a welter of warring sovereignties.

The Moslem leader Jinnah, in a recent interview, asserted that if the British withdrew from India today, it would result in complete chaos. If Indian unity were demanded before the British leave, he added, they would never go. The solution, according to Mr. Jinnah, is to divide India into three parts — Hindustan, Pakistan and Indian India. He does not venture to say how many separatist and nationalist movements would spring up in each one of these three Indias, once the process of break-up along national or racial lines starts. National self-determination in India would unquestionably result in innumerable local movements, each claiming total political independence, and a series of national and racial wars.

Obviously, it is in the general interest that India become a free country, that it be modernized,

that its vast human and physical resources be used to raise its people to a higher material and cultural level. But the assumption that the withdrawal of the British would promote these ends is pure romanticism. It can be said without hesitation that whatever freedom the Indians now enjoy they have got from the British; that whatever desire for political liberty they have, was implanted in them by the British; that internal peace and security have been established and maintained by the British; and that whatever degree of self-government they enjoy they have learned from the British.

India can and should become an independent nation to the same extent as other peoples in the interdependent world of tomorrow. But the process would be retarded rather than promoted by breaking up the functioning Commonwealth within which India can take its place. Should Gandhi and his Congress Party obtain full powers over India, it would not result in anything remotely like a democratic form of life. The road to democratic institutions, higher industrialization and greater material wealth and social justice would be barred to the masses of India by the present Congress Party leaders. It is more from fear of social democ-

racy than from any yearning for it that they seek to drive Britain out. As it is organized today the Congress Party is the political instrument of high-caste Hinduism and of reactionary Indian capitalism. Under all the talk of liberation lurks the fear of the effects of Western democratic and equalitarian concepts on the Indian population and on Hindu religious tradition.

The main contention today of those who demand the immediate withdrawal of Britain from India is that if the Indian people were given independence they would fight Japanese invasion. There is something angelic about the naïveté of this assumption. It is based on the fact that the peoples of Burma and Malaya surrendered to the Japanese whereas the Filipinos, expecting independence, fought the invaders. It is true that the Filipinos fought admirably. But what was the difference? The Philippines were conquered just like Burma and Malaya, except that the operation lasted a few weeks longer, as General Smuts has pointed out.

The reasons for the defeats suffered up to now go much deeper. After all, Thailand surrendered to Japan without a fight, though it was independent. The French, Serbs, Czechs, Dutch, Greeks, Danes and Norwegians were not

only independent but had armies and long-established traditions of nationalism. But they were all attacked, defeated and conquered. Whether India shares their fate will not be determined by whether it is "independent" or under British rule. Such capacity for resistance as now exists is definitely British-made, and obtained under the handicap of a deep-rooted passivity.

IV

The present world chaos has not come upon us because this or that nation has not yet achieved total political independence. It will not be in the slightest relieved by creating more sovereign units or by dismembering interdependent aggregations which have shown a capacity for economic and political advancement. On the contrary, the diseases now ravaging our globe would be intensified, since they are in large measure the direct results of the persistence of the myth of total political independence in a world of total economic and social interdependence.

If the world is to be made a tolerable place to live in, if we are to obtain a respite from wars, we must relax our emotional attachment to the Eighteenth Century ideal of absolute nationalism. Un-

der modern conditions it can only bring want, fear, war and enslavement in its wake.

The crux of the Indian situation, the fallacy of those who advocate the dissolution of the British Empire, is that the passion for national independence is a leftover from a dead past. This passion has destroyed the freedom of many nations. No period in history saw the organization of so many independent states as the postwar world of 1919. Within two decades nationalism had devoured its children — all those new nations were conquered and enslaved, along with a lot of old nations. It was, let us hope, the last desperate expression of an ideal made obsolete by new conditions, the last catastrophic attempt to squeeze the world into a political pattern that had lost its relevance.

That anachronistic ideal asserts that it is the sacred right of every nation to do as it pleases within its own frontiers, no matter how morally monstrous and how harmful to the rest of the world it may be. It asserts that every aggregation of peoples has a sacred right to split itself into smaller and yet smaller units, each sovereign in its own corner. It assumes that the extension of economic or political influence through ever larger units,

along centralized interdependent lines, is *per se* unjust.

Because this ideal was once valid — in a larger, simpler, less integrated world — it retains a terrific emotional appeal. It can be used and is being used by more and more politicians, writers, agitators, in slogans calling for the “end of imperialism,” the abolition of the colonial system, “independence” for this and that racial or territorial group.

To impute such purposes to this war indicates a complete failure to understand its causes and its historic meaning. Did this war break out as a result of colonialism — or because of rampant nationalism and “sovereignty” gone haywire? Did it arise because of revolts in the British Dominions and colonies against England? Was it launched by uprisings of Arab or black subjects against the French rule in Africa? The truth is that never in their history have the forces dominating the internal organisms of the British and French and Dutch empires been as centripetal as during the past ten years. The reason is not far to seek: local populations have tended to become more dependent on one another for survival.

What do the old anti-imperialist catch phrases really mean in the modern world? Does “the end of

the colonial system” mean that the United States should withdraw from Panama and the Hawaiian Islands and turn Alaska over to the Eskimos? Does it mean that a parliament of native Papuans will be established in New Guinea, with the self-determined right to practise cannibalism? Does it mean that all nations will give up the privilege of exploiting copper mines in the Congo and that Sumatrans will do their own engineering on their own natural resources? The answers to such questions must be made in the light of the indisputable fact that natural resources in one part of the world are more needed than ever in other parts; that, the world having been shrunk by radio and aviation, conditions in one country have a more direct impact upon affairs in every other country than at any time in the past.

I submit that every economic and technological reality of our epoch, every dynamic force in the world today, every law of historic logic, indicates that we are on the edge of a period of empire building — of aggregations more powerful and more centralized than ever before. There is no virtue in relying on obsolete slogans and ignoring the forces which are today pushing mankind toward a more organized control of this earth.

It would be wiser to recognize these realities and to guide the impulse into democratic international channels. If we leave the concept of sovereign nationalities enshrined as the test of "freedom," the contradiction between this fiction and the physical facts will only cause bigger explosions. Unless interdependence, and hence the need for the centralized rule of law — for the freedom which comes from equality before the law among nations as among individuals — is recognized, we shall suffer even more devastating wars: among the United States, Britain, Russia, Germany, Greater Asia, in every possible combination. As in an elimination contest, one of these or a combination will achieve by force the unified control which is made mandatory by this century.

That unity can be attained without such an elimination contest, provided the illusions implicit in old-style nationalism are exposed. We can achieve a peaceful world by renouncing the outlived formula of political *laissez-faire* which assumes that this globe will be a paradise as soon as every nationality — in India, in the South Seas, in Europe, everywhere — has absolute independence and unlimited sovereignty.

Let us recall what happened to the peoples of Austria-Hungary after national independence was accorded to its fractions, and aspirations for further splintering were encouraged as somehow noble and desirable. In a few years the result was poverty, hatred, war and finally slavery. The experiment has taught nothing to those who would resolve the amalgam represented by the British Empire into its component parts. The madness is spreading, for today people contemplate not only "independent" Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, but even "independent" Slovakia, Transylvania, Croatia, Ruthenia.

Those self-styled liberals who put their dogmatic faith in the continuous segregation of mankind into ever smaller units with greater "self-determined" sovereignties are in truth reactionary. Of course, it is difficult in ordinary logic to deny total political independence to India, and then to every segment of India, when we have solemnly promised it to every small nationality in Europe. But this paradoxical situation merely attests that our promise to reestablish all the small sovereignties in Europe is in head-on contradiction with present-day realities.

WANTED: TRUE AIR STRATEGY

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

BECAUSE a number of books on aviation have become best sellers and because reports from the fronts are more outspoken than formerly in acknowledging the importance of aircraft, too many Americans are under the delusion that "air power" has been "recognized" and that it is now merely a question of adequate production. They are under the impression that the basic ideas of the advocates of true air power have been accepted and put into practice. It seems to me desirable, therefore, to make it clear that those ideas are still treated as heresy on the upper levels of American war leadership.

We do have more and better aircraft, of course, though in general they are still below the British and German standards of military quality. But the improved planes thus far exhibited in combat were basically designed as auxiliaries of the Army and Navy and still carry

that original curse. Wrongly conceived in the first place, they do not represent air power in the sense that General Billy Mitchell and his followers have used the term. Our aviation has not been planned for the strategic job of taking command of the air over enemy territory and carrying the war to the enemy's heart. American bombing planes, not having been designed for industrial demolition, carry insufficient bombing charges for that supreme task; hence a much greater number of men and machines must be used. While aviation has been given an ever larger slice of war appropriations, its development and use are still held back by old-fashioned notions of warmaking.

Many of our ablest air officers have been assigned to important overseas commands. For the first time, an air officer has been made a full general. But if the public should thereby be lulled into the

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY, *author of Victory Through Air Power, is the foremost American advocate of an Air Department equal in status to our War and Navy Departments. He is one of the world's outstanding designers and fliers of military planes, and holds the Harmon Trophy for outstanding service to aeronautics.*

belief that there has been a genuine change in air-power organization — or a genuine approach to air-power strategy — these things may do more harm than good. On taking command of any area, air officers are automatically severed from the Air Forces and become Army generals of the line. Certainly they are more expert in the use of the available aircraft, but they fight with the weapons and along the strategy devised by Army and Navy minds.

Airmen take an ever larger part in the planning, but only as specialized consultants. They cannot assert themselves and fight for their conception of how the war should be conducted as top generals and admirals can. There is no aviation "opposite number" for Colonel Knox or Mr. Stimson, for General Marshall or Admiral King.

America is still without the kind of autonomous air-power system which Britain has in its Royal Air Force. We still have no semblance of real *unity of command in the air*. Army aviation, Navy aviation, Marine Corps aviation operate in the selfsame skies in a maze of overlapping authority. Disputes over aerial jurisdiction have not been ended. The Army and the Navy are competing for control over land-based aviation.

This chaos in the air is not accidental. It cannot be cleared up by "good will" and "co-operation" between the services. It is the result — the inevitable result — of mistaken strategic ideas. Everywhere the war is resolving into a struggle for superiority in the skies. But military organization and leadership have not been reformed to meet this new situation. They remain in line with the assumption that this is a surface war.

II

It is no accident that most of our fighter planes still cannot go to the high altitudes demanded by all-out aerial warfare. Nor is it accident that even today Flying Fortresses carry only about one-third as much explosive weight as the new big British bombers. Nearly four years have passed since the start of World War II. Again and again Washington has boasted of planes to come that will amaze the Axis, but to date none of the miracles has showed up in the skies over enemy targets. General Eaker recently disclosed that a super-Fortress with three or four times the present bomb-load would soon swing into action. That would make it the equal of the British Lancaster; but how it will compare

with new bombers certain to be produced by friend and foe alike remains to be seen.

Nearly all shortcomings in our aerial equipment flow from the original backwardness in the strategic thinking of our top procurement. Our talented designers and superb aeronautical industry, in the final analysis, could only follow the specifications laid down by the upper command of our military effort. This command has decidedly not divorced itself from the idea that air power is primarily an adjunct service.

Our aviation is not developed as an independent force. It is *superimposed* on the Army and Navy. It cannot develop fully in its own sphere in the way that ground and sea forces are permitted to develop in their respective spheres. Lacking an equal voice in strategic planning, aviation is always and as a matter of course "fitted into" Army and Navy programs based on Army and Navy strategies. We simply do not possess the organizational machinery and the unrestricted authority to plan and implement a genuine air strategy.

Let me try to express the difference between the present status of American aviation as an auxiliary force and true air power, because

that seems to me the crux of the whole problem:

Assume that mail is being delivered across the continent by pony express. Along comes aviation. Progressive post-office men thereupon decide to improve their pony delivery by flying oats and hay for their horses and spare parts for their coaches. But it remains a *pony express*, no matter how many hundreds of thousands of planes are made available for auxiliary purposes. Only at the moment when the letters are put on planes and flown from coast to coast do we have *true air mail*.

Similarly, no matter how many hundreds of thousands of aircraft are provided to improve surface strategy, they still remain auxiliary weapons. They raise the efficiency of surface operations but do not change the character of those operations. Only when aviation is conceived and utilized to carry the war to the enemy, destroying his industrial set-up for warmaking through direct strategic action, do we have true air power.

This is not a "fine distinction." It is the difference between black and white, between a pony express and air mail. Until that difference is grasped, our military aviation will remain divided into arbitrary

segments subordinate to the Army and Navy and will not develop into the kind of strategic air power we need. It is not a question of "recognizing" air power. It is a question of recasting our traditional military machinery to give aviation the same prestige and scope in formulating basic national war strategy that is today enjoyed by the older services.

III

In the past there were only two ways to defeat a nation. The *first* was to kill off its armed forces. This could be done only by other armed forces in direct bayonet combat. The *second* was to suffocate the enemy, to break his will, by blockade and siege. When the nation was dependent on outside sources of supply, this was accomplished by navies. Navies also had the vital function of bringing and landing ground troops on hostile shores, when blockade did not suffice to force surrender because the enemy was more or less self-sufficient.

With the emergence of modern aviation, a *third* method of achieving victory was made possible, namely, the direct disarming of the enemy through the destruction of the *sources* of his weapons and

supplies at their point of origin in his homeland. This is something new in the story of warfare. Only air power can ignore the intermediate and periphery surface struggles to strike directly at the citadel of enemy force. In addition, of course, air power, like sea power, can transport armies of occupation; except that troops thus transported are immune to attack by surface or underseas vessels.

Air power as a blockading force, moreover, is superior to sea power. Where the nation to be starved out is approximately self-sustaining — as today in the case of Nazi-dominated Europe and Japan now that it has an empire under its heel — naval blockade is useless. But air power can sever not only external but domestic lines of communication by its direct action; in effect it can impose an *internal blockade*, dislocating the enemy's life within his own frontiers until further armed resistance becomes impossible.

Any force that can defeat an enemy by its own action becomes a strategic force. Its ability to give vital aid to other services remains — the co-ordination of all arms is always essential — but that is no longer its chief function. Until recently planes were too small, range too short, aerial striking power too limited to allow air

power to carry out major strategic plans by its own action. For a number of years now those technical limitations have been overcome. Aeronautic progress has opened up vast possibilities for strategic employment of air power; but the capacity of our aircraft to use these possibilities has been artificially limited by lack of aviation knowledge and vision in the uppermost military circles.

Most of the strategic confusion today grows out of failure, or stubborn refusal, to understand the new method of defeating an enemy made possible by aviation. Nowhere has that confusion been more tragically in evidence than in the Pacific. A system based on naval strategy broke down completely under the hammer blows of aviation. The chain of naval bases on which we counted — Pearl Harbor, Manila, Hong Kong, Singapore, and so on — fell apart in a conflict where the possession of air bases rather than naval strongholds became decisive. Warships, instead of *providing* protection, *required* protection. They turned into convenient targets wherever they were caught or ventured within range of hostile aircraft.

But minds conditioned by a lifetime of training in the old methods could not readily adjust

themselves to the new situation. They failed to recognize that the change was fundamental — that the new conditions could not be met indefinitely by piling up more and more of the old weapons. The Pacific has clearly become an arena of aerial conflict. The fight is first of all for air bases; the surface forces play a subordinate part as a supporting element in gaining and holding such bases and in keeping supply lines open across vast distances. Yet the Pacific is still regarded as a theatre of land and naval warfare; it is arbitrarily divided into two zones and its strategies are mapped by men determined at all costs to squeeze the action into the old patterns.

One need only listen to our war leaders to note the chaotic thinking that grows out of this contradiction between the kind of war being fought and the kind demanded by the facts of air power. On February 12 President Roosevelt declared: "We do not expect to spend the time it would take to bring Japan to final defeat merely by inching our way forward from island to island across the vast expanse of the Pacific." His Secretary of the Navy agreed, asserting that "we have never contemplated progress toward Tokyo as an island-to-island affair." But Under

Secretary of War Patterson three weeks earlier had stated: "We have only now commenced the long task of driving them back, inch by inch." Two weeks after Knox's statement, Admiral Nimitz stressed the need "of driving the enemy from prepared positions." Our job, he said, is "to destroy his ships and planes and to neutralize his island strongpoints." What is that but orthodox island-to-island strategy? And General MacArthur, impressed by the accomplishments of aviation, only a month earlier had come out for: •

a broadened conception of warfare that will permit the application of offensive power in swift, massive strokes rather than the dilatory and costly island-to-island advance that some have assumed to be necessary in a theater where the enemy's far-flung strongholds are dispersed throughout a vast expanse of archipelagos.

There we have a variety of conceptions ranging from island-to-island to skip-an-island to direct offensive against Japan. These contradictions are not merely verbal. They reflect faithfully the confusion that results from the hopeless attempt to superimpose the new weapon on the old strategy, instead of utilizing the strategy which is logically dictated by the new weapon. Actually we seem to have no true strategy; we have a

series of desultory, day-to-day tactical undertakings. We are somewhat in the position of architects serving a wealthy client who cannot make up his mind what kind of a house he wants. They proceed to pile up every kind of building material to meet every conceivable architectural style, to the point where their client is bankrupt by the time he decides what style he wishes. In piling up weapons and men for every conceivable strategy, we are in danger of depleting our stocks of resources and manpower, since even the United States is not inexhaustible.

IV

Never in their history have navies been obliged to fight under such difficult conditions as today. Besides combatting the opposing surface vessels and submarines, they must operate under the constant threat of bombs from overhead. In the war to date they have suffered far more destruction from enemy air power than from enemy navies—and against such destruction they possess no sufficient defense, except protection by friendly air power. Navies are fighting a desperate *rear-guard action*, one that calls for valor and unprecedented sacrifice, as human conflict evacu-

ates the surface of the earth for the air above and the watery depths below.

No one is more keenly aware of the difficulties that confront the personnel of our navies than we airmen. Our quarrel is not with warships, invasion barges and other naval craft but with the strategy which calls for such equipment. We regard the whole process as wasteful of lives, time, and substance. We contend, for instance, that if we put even a fraction of the materials and manpower represented by a five-ocean navy into genuine long-range air power, under autonomous direction of airmen, we could guarantee victory by the new strategy.

At the risk of seeming frivolous, let me make a serious analogy. Assume that we elect a strategy that calls for dynamiting Japan out of the sea. This could be achieved by boring a tunnel through the planet and depositing a load of dynamite under the enemy. Our most vital weapons in that case would be gigantic drills, pumps, steam shovels and the like. Our admirals, generals and airmen would be rightly indignant over the waste of national resources on drills and pumps. Conceding that those "weapons" were right for the kind of strategy elected, they would insist that the strategy itself was fallacious, since

Japan can be beaten more quickly and economically by other methods.

Those who plead for true air-power strategy do not deny that naval forces are important elements in the Pacific — but only because we have plumped for old-fashioned naval strategy. They concede that tanks and ground artillery and bayonets are essential weapons in other areas — but only because we have decided to stake everything on a mile-by-mile surface war. These weapons will become largely irrelevant, or at best secondary, as soon as we abandon the old strategies and adopt the more direct, more logical strategy made possible by the present stage of aeronautics.

Our top military men, trained to wholly different ways of thought and action, are unable to adopt new methods and unwilling to abandon or restrict the old ones with which they are thoroughly familiar. Caught unprepared by the new conditions, they are impelled to violate a basic principle of military science on which they have themselves stood for generations — the principle that no nation can be equally strong everywhere: on land, at sea, and in the air. The result, despite showy statistics, is that we are not strong enough in any of these elements. We are today committed to providing ourselves with

the world's greatest army, a five-ocean navy, and filling the skies with our airplanes, all of this on a global scale. At the same time we must serve as the world's bread-basket and arsenal of democracy. To succeed in any such Gargantuan project a nation would require a billion inhabitants and the resources of all the six continents.

No matter how many hymns of praise are sung to aviation in the press and communiqués, we shall not have true air power until we select to win the victory with a strategy based on the superiority of the air weapon. That would require the construction of the necessary aerial forces — not over and above super-armies and super-navies but by proportionately restricting ground and naval forces, by deliberately diverting resources and labor from irrelevant weapons to the weapons of the new epoch. Today we possess no organization with the requisite knowledge and authority to force through such a strategic revolution; and we will not have it until air power is given an equal status with the older services.

Only when we have made up our minds that air power is decisive and proceed to put our main national effort into aviation will we be using the full possibilities opened up by

aeronautics. Short of that, we shall merely be utilizing aviation as an extra or auxiliary. Once air-power strategy is decided upon — and the military organization is revised to give airmen the authority to put it into effect — our task will become twofold: 1) *To hold our positions everywhere with existing weapons on the surface of the earth*, and 2) *to mass in the air for the decisive blow at the enemy on his home grounds*.

The process of massing in the air will take at least two years. Those thrown into despair by this time element should recall that air-power advocates have urged such a program for many years. We have been accused of wishing to “gamble” with the fate of the nation by relying on “the weapons of tomorrow.” Tomorrows have come and gone — four years of them since the outbreak of the war — and we find ourselves fighting with the weapons of the day before yesterday. The “gamble” of the old-line strategists, who seek to overcome the effects of new weapons by sheer quantity of old ones, is infinitely more risky. They take the chance of bleeding the country white. What is their war of attrition but the hope of building so many targets and concentrating so many men that the enemy will exhaust himself in destroying them?

It is a strange fact that people who thought nothing of undertaking naval construction to take five or six years to complete shy away from launching aerial construction that calls for a two- or three-year program. The fact is even stranger when we consider that the super-navy, when completed, will never be able to approach enemy shores — these will be protected everywhere by long-range, land-based air power. Nor will such a navy be needed defensively for our own shores — these can be far better protected by air power, as General George C. Kenney showed brilliantly in the Bismarck Sea battle recently, at Japan's expense for once.

V

The abandonment of old concepts, growing out of old technical facts, is psychologically difficult almost to the point of being impossible. Admiral Mahan, in his day, emphasized this difficulty when he wrote:

Changes of tactics have not only taken place *after* changes in weapons, which necessarily is the case, but that interval between such changes has been unduly long. . . . Changes in tactics have to overcome the inertia of a conservative class. . . . It can be remedied only by a candid recognition of each change, by a careful study of the powers and limitations of each new

ship or weapon . . . History shows that it is vain to hope that military men generally will be at pains to do this, but that the one who does will go into battle with a great advantage.

Admiral Mahan, in effect, was arguing for a multi-ocean navy. Only now, when navies have lost their former function of strategic offensive, are we finally getting what he advocated. Back in 1921, General Billy Mitchell, having demonstrated the vulnerability of battleships to air attacks, urged the obvious remedy for that time: the building of a great fleet of aircraft carriers. He was supported by all air-minded military and naval men. But we persisted in putting all our chips on battleships, so that when war came two decades later it found us with but a few token carriers. In the course of the war, however, it soon appeared that carriers had already become outmoded by reason of increased range and striking power of land-based planes. Coral Sea, Midway and other battles demonstrated that the "floating base" was doomed. Whereupon we launched the greatest program of aircraft carrier construction in the world. . . .

The triumph of habit over reason, in Mahan's day or Mitchell's or ours, explains why we continue to clip the wings of aviation, holding it down to the functions of an

auxiliary weapon. Airmen who have devoted their whole lives to military aeronautics are obliged to teach their superiors on the surface the ABC of air strategy. They must "sell" them on the idea every time they propose to launch a purely aerial action — and thank their stars when these superiors are open-minded enough to grasp the principles involved.

The time has come, in my view, to relieve land and sea commands of the responsibility of making decisions in a sphere for which they have not been prepared by their experience and training — decisions for the use of weapons and strategies of which most of them are naturally suspicious. Experienced airmen, who have the confidence of the American people, should be given the full responsibility of shaping and using the new and decisive military potential represented by air power. They should have the prestige and the organizational right to insist on their conception of the master plan just as top Army and Navy men now do. They should be in a position to enforce their view as to the share of our national war effort needed to guarantee victory through aerial strategy.

Those who fear major changes in the midst of war forget that it is

usually under the impact of actual warfare that such changes are made. They might recall that Great Britain had the moral courage, at a critical point in the First World War, to organize its independent Royal Air Force. Few today question the wisdom of that action, knowing that it was only the existence of the RAF which saved the British Isles in 1940.

Only a thorough revision of our military set-up to give air power equality with the other services will break the stranglehold of habit over reason. We are a technological nation. Yet we are gearing to crash through with the sheer weight of our equipment and bayonet power. Our airmen have shown a peerless courage and resourcefulness in all theatres of war, often against terrific odds. Given the proper strategy, they can win the war for us. Let's stop following the enemy's strategy blindly, but force him to fight at a time and place and with weapons of our choice. In a war based primarily on technological superiority rather than mere mass, the advantages would be wholly on our side. In words taken from a recent statement by General MacArthur, "Therein lies the way to victory, if we have sufficient constructive imagination to seize the opportunity."

THE PHOTOGRAPH

A Story

BY ENRIQUE AMORIM

THE village photographer was very accommodating. He showed her several painted backdrops. Gray backgrounds, dull and undistinguished. One, with trees of indefinitely ancient foliage, of some unusual species. The other showed plump, truncated columns which — according to the proprietor — “went with” a cast-iron table simulating a horseshoe upheld by three hunting spears.

The photographer wanted to please her. Madame Dupont was very charming, in spite of the aggressive color of her hair, her clotted face powder, and a certain jewel, sure to betray her to the neighborhood’s sharp scrutiny. With another perfume, perhaps even without any scent at all, she might have won for herself a respectable place in the village’s life.

But she did not know how to put aside that strange, French air of intimacy.

“Unless the señora should prefer just a snapshot in the plaza. . . But I don’t believe she would be guilty of such a breach of taste —” the photographer said, and laughed in enjoyment of his wit. “I believe it more appropriate that we should obtain a photograph as if you were discovered at tea in a charming garden. Have I interpreted your wishes?”

And he pushed together a dusty balustrade and the cast-iron table before the backdrop with the columns. Two chairs were whisked conveniently near and he retreated in search of the most flattering angle. He vanished for a few seconds beneath the black cloth, then returned to the conversation with

ENRIQUE AMORIM was born in Salto, Uruguay, in 1900. He is the author of several novels and collections of short stories, among them *El Caballo Y Su Sombra*, *El Paísano Aguilar* and *La Carreta*. He writes for the magazine *Sur* and the *Euenos Aires La Nacion*. (Translated by James Graham-Laján and Richard E. O’Connell.)

the air of one who must report a sensational discovery:

"Magnificent, magnificent!" The cloth was pitched into a corner. "These eyes have just seen exactly what you wanted. . . ."

The woman eyed the scenery with a certain misgiving. The poor thing knew nothing about such matters. She had been photographed twice in her life. On embarking at Marseille, to get her passport. And a picture in America, with a sailor in an amusement park. Naturally, she hadn't been able to send that picture to her mother. What would her mother have said, seeing her with a sailor — especially since her mother hated the sea and sailors?

She explained her wishes once more to the photographer:

"I want a picture for my mother. It has to look as if it had been taken in a real house. In my house."

The man knew her explanations by heart. She was trying to get a photograph eloquent enough to speak for her. He knew the inscription it would carry underneath: "To my never forgotten dear mother, from the patio of my house, with my best friend." It was an easy thing to arrange something that would do for the house. The backdrops would serve admirably. Only the companion, the "best friend," was lacking.

"That is up to you, señora. I cannot undertake to provide her for you. You bring her here and I guarantee you a perfectly composed grouping."

Madame Dupont came back three or four times. The photographer was accommodating, full of plans. "Yesterday I photographed two ladies in this same scene. Fantastic! It has passed the test. The grouping worked out perfectly. See this print. It looks like the garden of a well-to-do home." A pleased smile lighted her face when she saw the picture. The photographer was right. A truly beautiful photograph. Two gentlewomen, in their tiny garden, at tea. And she returned happily to the door of her shameful little house on the decaying outskirts of the village.

Some hundred meters from her dark corner lived the schoolteacher, the only neighbor who returned her timid greeting:

"Buenas tardes."

"Buenas. . . ."

Her knees shook. Poor peroxidized creature. The greeting faded from her lips. And she walked on, close to the wall, not lifting her eyes. Perhaps some other day she'd find the courage to stop to speak to her. The schoolteacher seemed discouraged, leaning on her marble balcony with a melancholy air, defeated.

The marble balustrade was like one at a public dispensary. Surely she'd be able to do her a favor. Why not dare, then? She would certainly not refuse such an insignificant request.

At length, one evening, she stopped. One evening when no townspeople were abroad, only a few stray dogs. A cart loaded with fresh clover was passing. The kind of cart from which one begs a handful. And the cartman gives it, smiling. . . .

So she stopped, suddenly. It was clear that the teacher had not expected that. And she explained the situation to her, as best she could. Yes, it was nothing more than to have a photograph taken for her mother. A photograph of herself with someone like the señorita, refined. . . . She smiled, certain of this gesture which had often served her. The two of them would be photographed and she would write an inscription. The mother, a little old lady in her last years, would understand that her daughter was living in a good house and had women friends, good friends, about her. The scenery had been ready for days. Would she be kind enough to oblige? Madame Dupont really had very few acquaintances and they were perhaps unsuitable for such a thing as this. They really

would not do. Besides, they did not understand her. Could she hope to meet her at the photographer's? Yes, when school was over, she'd be waiting. Tomorrow. "*Merci, merci. . . .*"

Later, Madame Dupont could not remember whether she had simply been talking to herself. Whether the nice little school-teacher had said yes or no. . . . But she remembered a phrase, almost disappeared from her memory, not heard for some time back: "With pleasure." She prayed her thanks in words she remembered her mother using. And before going to sleep, she kissed her mother's photograph, putting it back in its place again, under the pile of sheets, enshrouded.

II

At last, someone from the other side of life had deigned to tender her a helping hand, so that she might take a step forward, Madame Dupont thought next day, as she hurried toward the photographer's. It might mean the beginning of a new phase in her life. The school-teacher had answered her in a natural manner, as if the promise were not a difficult one. That part of it reassured her.

They could scarcely stop re-

arranging the chairs, placing the table, beating the feather duster against the *papier-mâché* balustrade.

The photographer, tired of checking the focus, looked out the street door to watch the people passing by. When the children started coming out of school, he went back in to inform his client. The schoolteacher should now be on her way.

"She'll be here in a moment," the woman reassured him. "She must be getting herself ready."

In fifteen minutes, the schoolchildren had hung up their white aprons and could be seen once more, wandering through the street, dirty, shouting, eating bananas whose skins they threw in the doorways with evil intentions, in the hope of tumbles to come. Some days, not knowing why, they felt mean.

"She ought to be here by now. I am sorry to inform you," the man said, "that soon we shall not have sufficient light to obtain a good plate."

Madame Dupont sat on, drawing pleasure from the calm of the false garden, happy in her waiting. Never had she stayed for so long a time in such a pleasant and familiar place, her own. She was filled with a delight that was decent, simple, and unknown to her. With the first evening darkness,

Madame Dupont left the studio. She went away pretending not to be sad. She said she would be back the next day. The schoolteacher, without a doubt, must have forgotten the appointment.

As soon as she turned the corner of their street, she saw her quit the balcony. She heard the banging of the shutter like a slap. Later, she felt it on her cheeks, burning.

It is not easy to forget a disappointment of this sort. Especially if one lives a life so monotonous, so lengthily monotonous. For Madame Dupont used to leave her house once a week, but now months pass before she comes out of the house's horrible walls. She has not seen the schoolteacher again, the schoolteacher who withers on her marble balcony in the hope of love, of amorous adventure.

The photographer filed away the décor, the canvas on which was painted the tree of unlikely foliage. Upon the balustrade falls a subtle little dust, the village's soul, the touch of its weary hours. Children still throw fruit peelings at doorsteps with perverse intentions. Especially when a north wind blows. And shouts of irritated mothers and angered fathers are heard.

Sometimes, one may as well say it, it is better to bend one's back and keep on living.

How life insurance dollars help "keep 'em rolling"

TODAY, we know that millions of troops and millions of tons of war goods are rolling along the rails and highways of this country in the greatest war effort of all time.

Yet, we may not realize that this is possible only because the United States has the largest and best *transportation system* in the world.

Under free enterprise, Americans have built a network of railroads some 234,000 miles in length, with more and better equipment, and at least three times as much trackage, as all the Axis nations combined!

America's highway system, with more than 548,000 miles of graded

or surfaced roads, is not matched by any other nation on earth.

In this time of national emergency, America is fortunate that this vast transportation system does not have to be created overnight. The war found American Transportation ready . . . thanks to long years of creative work and to billions of dollars invested by men with courage and with faith in America's future.

Many of these dollars have been life insurance dollars. For example, Metropolitan policyholders, through their Company, have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in underlying railroad securities which aided

the expansion and improvement of America's railroads...and other millions of dollars in bonds of States, counties, and municipalities. These dollars helped finance new bridges, the paving of roads, the construction of arterial highways.

Today, Metropolitan's income available for investment is performing an additional function. By far the larger part of it is going into United States Government Bonds, helping to buy the things needed to win the war.

When victory comes, American transportation will continue to pro-

gress. Aircraft development may supplement, to a greater degree, the railroads and highways of today.

Whatever ensues, life insurance funds will continue to play their part in the transportation field, as in other fields of American endeavor.

So, when life insurance policyholders pay their premiums, they are evidencing their faith in their country, not only in funds to help win the war, but also by building a backlog of funds for the peacetime development of a greater America.

**BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT,
OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE**

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life

(A MUTUAL

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD



Insurance Company

COMPANY)

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

CLEMENCEAU

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU embodied and expressed France. As much as any single human being, miraculously magnified, can ever be a nation, he was France. Fancy paints nations in symbolic animals — the British Lion, the American Eagle, the Russian double-headed ditto, the Gallic Cock. But the Old Tiger, with his quaint, stylish cap, his white mustache and burning eye, would make a truer mascot for France than any barnyard fowl. He was an apparition of the French Revolution at its sublime moment, before it was overtaken by the squalid butcheries of the Terrorists. He represented the French people risen against tyrants — tyrants of the mind, tyrants of the soul, tyrants of the body; foreign tyrants, domestic tyrants, swindlers, humbugs, grafters, traitors, invaders, defeatists — all lay within the bound of the Tiger; and against

them the Tiger waged inexorable war. Anticlerical, anti-monarchist, anti-communist, anti-German — in all this he represented the dominant spirit of France.

There was another mood and another France. It was the France of Foch — ancient, aristocratic; the France whose grace and culture, whose etiquette and ceremonial has bestowed its gifts around the world. There was the France of chivalry, the France of Versailles, and, above all, the France of Joan of Arc. It was this secondary and submerged national personality that Foch recalled. In the combination of these two men during the last year of the War, the French people found in their service all the glories and the vital essences of Gaul. These two men embodied respectively their ancient and their modern history. Between the twain there flowed the blood-

WINSTON CHURCHILL wrote this tribute to Georges Clemenceau — and to the immortal spirit of France — years ago. But it applies even more strikingly in the present crisis of French history, fourteen years after the Tiger's death. The essay was published, in slightly longer form, as a chapter in Mr. Churchill's *Great Contemporaries* (Putnam's, 1937) and is used here by special arrangement with the publishers — THE EDITORS.

river of the Revolution. Between them towered the barriers which Christianity raises against Agnosticism. But when they gazed upon the inscription on the golden statue of Joan of Arc: *Le pitié qu'elle avait pour le royaume de France* and saw gleaming the Maid's uplifted sword, their two hearts beat as one. The French have a dual nature in a degree not possessed by any other great people. There is nothing like this duality in Great Britain or the United States, or even in Germany. It is an unending struggle which goes on continually, not only in every successive Parliament, but in every street and village of France, and in the bosom of almost every Frenchman. Only when France is in mortal peril does the struggle have a truce. The comradeship of Foch and Clemenceau illustrates as in a cameo the history of France.

II

Clemenceau's story is familiar to most of us. A life of storm, from the beginning to the end; fighting, fighting all the way; never a pause, never a truce, never a rest. His blade was forged and tempered in the fires and chills of half a century. He was Mayor of Montmartre amid the perils of the Commune. His assault upon the crumbling Empire

and his resistance to the excesses of the revolutionaries; his vain attempt to save the lives — almost at the cost of his own — of Generals Clément Thomas and Lecomte, concentrated upon him the malice both of extremists opposed in their atrocities, and of reactionaries victorious and seeking the punishment of those who had stirred the mob, and could no longer lead it. He struggled long and arduously to earn his daily bread as a doctor, as a teacher, as a journalist. All these trials were but the early morning of his long and long-threatened life. When he entered Parliament another series of conflicts began. The unswerving Radical-Republican; the destroyer of Ministers and Ministries; the Parliamentary Tiger whom all politicians feared; the iconoclast, the duellist, the merciless assailant of men who were building the new French Colonial Empire, gathered against him foes on every side. He followed Gambetta and repudiated him. He was duped by Boulanger and became his greatest enemy. The existence of the Republic hung for years by a thread. In Clemenceau, at least, the thread had one unsleeping guardian.

But what a tumult of animosities followed in his wake! Everyone had felt the lash of his tongue and of his pen, and not a few had faced

his sword or pistol. Deep forces, widespread interests, sacred traditions had been affronted — nay, wounded, injured, hampered. A dozen statesmen of first-class eminence remembered that he had been the ruin of their ambitions and of their plans. Sometimes their plans were good. Jules Ferry, denounced and driven from power as “the Tonkinner,” tripled by his labors and his sacrifices the extent of the French Colonial possessions. His fall was due to Clemenceau more than to any other man. Another field opened, an old, historic

field for France. The English invited French co-operation in restoring solvency and order to Egypt. Fear of Clemenceau was a recognizable factor in the momentous decision which made the French Fleet steam supinely from the scene of the impending bombardment of Alexandria. Clemenceau had not been able to stop France's acquiring Tunis, Tonkin, or Indo-China. But he had broken the man who did the work; and he had, in fact, kept her out of Egypt. The new Colonial Empire of France had its contribution of bayonets to

make in the fighting lines of 1914. No one had checked or prevented the acquisition of that Empire so much as Clemenceau. Surely, in after years, this reflection must have caused him many a pang. It certainly brought him many a reproach.

There is in French politics an intensity, an intricacy, and a violence unequalled in Great Britain. It reached its extreme in the eighties and nineties. All the elements of blood-curdling political drama were represented by actual facts. The life of the French Chamber, hectic,



Clemenceau

fierce, poisonous, flowed through a succession of scandals and swindles, of exposures, of perjuries, forgeries, and murders, of plottings and intrigues, of personal ambitions and revenges, of crooking and double-crossing, which find their modern parallel only in the underworld of

Chicago. But here they were presented upon the lime-lit stage of the most famous of the nations before an audience of all the world. The actors were men of the highest ability, men of learning and eloquence, men of repute and power;

men who proclaimed the noblest sentiments, who lived in the public eye; men who directed armies, diplomacy and finance. It was a terrible society, grimly polished, loaded with explosives, trellised with live electric wires. Through the center of it, turning to make a front now here, now there, and beating down opponents with his mace, Clemenceau long strode, reckless, aggressive and triumphant.

Let me merely mention the four major scandals which convulsed France in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The Grévy affair, in which the President's son-in-law was convicted of the wholesale bartering of honors, costing President Grévy his place and fame: the vain Boulanger craze, which came within an ace of destroying the Republic under pretext of cleansing and rehabilitating it. These were the first two. Greater and worse were to follow: the cesspool of Panama must be drained: the torture of Dreyfus must run its course. Let the reader remember that each of these astounding episodes, ready-made dramas of actual life, took place in a country already riven internally by memories of revolution and civil war, divided into the unforgiving factions of Royalists, Bona-

partists, Republicans and Socialists; in a State where nothing was secure or unchallenged; a State newly-defeated in the field, and dwelling always under the shadow of the German power. . . .

Clemenceau gave no quarter and could expect none. He had overturned a series of Governments by taking every advantage, fair or unfair. He had been pitiless in the Grévy scandal. He had the political scalps of a dozen Ministers nailed upon his door. He had been at all times ready to go all lengths — including armed action — against General Boulanger and the patriotic forces which gathered blindly behind that man of straw. So far, he had been the ruthless attacker. But with Panama the boot seemed on the other leg. The pestilence of suspicion tainted him with its infecting breath. The two greatest scoundrels in the Panama frauds, the two chief corrupters of public men, were Cornelius Herz and Baron Reinach. Clemenceau was intimate with both. The former had given financial aid to his newspaper *Justice*; he had, with characteristic courage, escorted the latter to see the Minister of the Interior on the very night of Reinach's death-agony. The conduct of 140 deputies was in question. Many were known to be involved

in the coils of corruption. On every side reputations were broken or assailed. Each falling man strove to drag down others. In the delirium of such days the slightest contact with the guilty was held to compromise a public man. Clemenceau's contacts had not been slight; nor was the explanation which he vouchsafed particularly exhaustive. Should he, then — he, who had been so unsparing of others — escape? Was not this the moment for his foes to unite and crush him once for all?

In full Assembly the passionate Déroulède declared that Herz's rise to influence and honor in France could only be due to the aid of some man of exceptional influence and power. "This serviceable, devoted, indefatigable intermediary — so active, so dangerous — you all know him. His name is on the lips of all, but there is not one among you who would name him; for he has three things you fear — his sword, his pistol and his tongue. I defy all three, and I will name him. It is M. Clemenceau!" . . .

But there is always one sure defense for confident integrity: a modest, austere mode of living, domestic accounts which can be laid before the whole world, a proud readiness to exhibit every source of income. Such was the defense

which Clemenceau was able to make. "My life is an open book," he said to his constituents, "and I defy anyone to find any other luxury in it than a saddle-horse whose upkeep costs me five francs a day, and a five-hundred-franc share in a shoot."

But further charges were in store. Repulsed upon Panama, Clemenceau's many foes returned to the attack with new weapons. Documents purporting to come from the British Foreign Office were produced with the connivance of the French Ministry to prove that he was in the pay of England. These documents were obviously forgeries, and the direct attack in the Chamber broke down ignominiously; but the tale was spread far and wide. "Now," it was said, "we know why he opposed our Colonial expansion; now we know why he kept us out of Egypt and nearly did us out of Tunis." Hateful cries "A-oh yes!" and "Spik Ingleesh!" saluted him at every meeting. He was defeated in his constituency of the Var, and quitted its bounds under the taunts and insults of the mob. Rarely was a public man in time of peace more cruelly hounded and hunted. . . .

Excluded from the Chamber, his voice could no longer be heard. Never mind! He had another

weapon. He had a pen. His biographer says that Clemenceau's journalistic output could not be contained in a hundred substantial volumes. He wrote for bread and life; for life and honor! And far and wide what he wrote was read. Thus he survived. He survived not to recover only, but to assault; not to assault, but to conquer. The worst of all the scandals had yet to come. Clemenceau became the champion of Dreyfus. Here he had to fight, to him the most sacred thing in France — the French Army. The Church, Society, High Finance, the Press — these, as before, were ranged against him. But now, in addition, was that splendid organization upon whose bayonets the liberties of Europe were soon to depend. "Destroy confidence in the Army chiefs, and you will have imperiled the safety of the country!" exclaimed the generals in chorus. "Is it to a butchery you wish us to lead your sons?" cried General de Pellieu at one of the Dreyfus trials. But after all, the question at issue was whether Dreyfus was a traitor or not. And he was innocent. The whole nation took sides. Friendships were ruptured and families divided. But the genius of France was not darkened. Truth and Justice marched forward; and along the path which

he had helped to clear for them, Clemenceau came back into his own. He even became for a space Prime Minister.

III

Such was the man who, armed with the experience and loaded with the hatreds of half a century, was called to the helm of France in the worst period of the War. Many of the French generals were discredited, and all their plans had failed. Widespread mutinies had been with difficulty suppressed at the front. Profound and tortuous intrigues gripped Paris. Britain had bled herself white at Passchendaele, the Russians had collapsed, the Italians were at the last gasp, and the Americans were far away. The giant enemy towered up, brazen, and so far as we could see, invulnerable. It was at this moment, after every other conceivable combination had been tried, that the fierce old man was summoned to what was in fact the Dictatorship of France. He returned to power as Marius had returned to Rome; doubted by many, dreaded by all, but doom-sent, inevitable.

It was at this time that I first began to know him. I had met him several times before, but only in a casual way. My work as Minister

of Munitions brought me frequently to Paris, and involved me constantly with French Ministers. My close association with Mr. Lloyd George afforded additional intimate contacts. I was with Clemenceau for half an hour on the morning when he was forming his Ministry. I listened to his opening speech in the Chamber. My friend, colleague, and opposite number, Albert Thomas, had only a day or two before lost office in the ministerial earthquake. We had been drawn so closely together in the details of business, that I ventured an appeal to the Tiger not to disturb a cross-channel combination that was working smoothly. I thought I had made an impression; but meanwhile Thomas, supported by the Socialists, had declared that Clemenceau as Premier "was a danger to national defense." This of course was mortal.

I also heard Clemenceau's reply in the Chamber. It is very difficult for a foreigner with only a superficial knowledge of the language and only an indirect sensing of the atmosphere, to judge such oratorical performances. . . . Clemenceau ranged from one side of the tribune to the other, without a note or book of reference or scrap of paper, barking out sharp, staccato sentences as the thought broke upon his mind.

He looked like a wild animal pacing to and fro behind bars, growling and glaring; and all around him was an assembly which would have done anything to avoid having him there, but having put him there, felt they must obey. Indeed it was not a matter of words or reasoning. Elemental passions congealed by suffering, dire perils close and drawing nearer, awful lassitude and deep forebodings, disciplined the audience. The last desperate stake had to be played. France had resolved to unbar the cage and let her tiger loose upon all foes, beyond the trenches or in her midst. Language, eloquence, arguments were not needed to express the situation. With snarls and growls, the ferocious, aged, dauntless beast of prey went into action.

In this fashion did the death-grapple with Germany begin. It was to last for a whole year. Cruel aspersions and injuries were inflicted on eminent Frenchmen. The execution of proved traitors was but the symbol of a potential terrorism which would have sent, if the need or the mood had required it, men guilty of no more than intellectual vagaries, men who had held the highest office in the state, to face a firing-party at Vincennes. Mere opposition or association with friends previously considered

lukewarm or defeatist was sufficient to expose statesmen of the highest standing at least to the danger of arrest. Clemenceau inspired on all sides a terror; but no one had so much reason to complain of it as the Germans.

As a foreigner he allowed me sometimes to say things to him he would have tolerated from few Frenchmen. "Surely it would be wise to get them all around you now, and to forget all quarrels. Distinguished people get into positions which they cannot get out of by themselves. In England we often help them to get down off awkward perches. We make many muddles, but we always keep more or less together." His eye twinkled, he wagged his head, his droll comprehending smile lit up the seared Mongol-like visage.

One day he said to me, "I have no political system, and I have abandoned all political principles. I am a man dealing with events as they come in the light of my experience," or it may be it was "according as I have seen things happen." I was reminded of Monsieus de Camors' letter to his son: "All principles are equally true or equally false, according to circumstances." Clemenceau was quite right. The only thing that mattered was to beat the Germans.

Presently came the supreme crisis. The Germans were again on the Marne. From the heights of Montmartre the horizon could be seen alive with the flashes of artillery. The Americans were pitchforked in at Château-Thierry. I had important munition and airplane factories all around Paris; we had to prepare to move them and to improvise shelters farther south; so I was much in the French capital. Before a war begins one should always say, "I am strong, but so is the enemy." When a war is being fought one should say, "I am exhausted, but the enemy is quite tired too." It is almost impossible to say either of these two things at the time they matter. Until the Germans collapsed they seemed unconquerable; but so was Clemenceau. He uttered to me in his room at the Ministry of War words he afterwards repeated in the tribune: "I will fight in front of Paris; I will fight in Paris; I will fight behind Paris." Everyone knew this was no idle boast. Paris might have been reduced to the ruins of Ypres or Arras. It would not have affected Clemenceau's resolution. He meant to sit on the safety-valve, till he won or till all his world blew up. He had no hope beyond the grave; he mocked at death; he was in his seventy-seventh

year. Happy the nation which when its fate quivers in the balance can find such a tyrant and such a champion.

When the victory was won, France to foreign eyes seemed ungrateful. She flung him aside and hastened back as quickly as possible to the old hugger-mugger of party politics. In principle one cannot blame the French; but they might have behaved more politely. The Clemenceau of the Peace was a great statesman. He was confronted with enormous difficulties. He made for France the best bargain that the Allies, who were also the world, would tolerate. France was disappointed; Foch was disappointed, and also offended by personal frictions. Clemenceau, unrepentant to the end, continued to bay at the Church. The Presidency passed to an amiable non-entity, who soon tumbled out of a railway-carriage. The Tiger went home, as everyone thought, to die. But he lived for years and years in the fullest possible physical and mental vigor. At any moment he

was fit to grasp the helm and steer the ship.

Of course he felt it. Proud as Lucifer, he wrapped himself in his deathless record and formidable prestige. "What are you going to do?" they asked him when he returned from his tour in India. "I am going to live until I die," he replied obdurately. . . .

I have my last picture of him a year before he died. The little house in the Rue François; a small library-sitting-room. It is winter, and the room seems to be unheated. There is a large fireplace; but it is piled full of books. Evidently no fires this year! I wish I had kept on my overcoat. The old man appears, in his remarkable black skull-cap, gloved and well wrapped-up. None of the beauty of Napoleon, but I expect some of his St. Helena majesty; and far back beyond Napoleon, Roman figures come into view. The fierceness, the pride, the poverty after great office, the grandeur when stripped of power, the unbreakable front offered to this world and to the next — all these belong to the ancients.



THE THEATRE

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Follies That Were Ziegfeld

Memento. — David Belasco taught his actresses how to act by hitting them on the jaw, knocking them down and pulling them around the floor by the hair. Richard Mansfield instantly discharged any member of his company who had the effrontery to address him off the stage. De Wolf Hopper married fifteen women in quick succession. It was Marc Klaw's puissant intellect that made the famous Theatrical Syndicate, his partner, A. L. Erlanger, being merely a vociferous front. When Lillian Russell swept into a restaurant, the waiters and bus boys were so overcome by her beauty that the boss had to do all the serving. Nat Goodwin never failed after each and every performance to make a twenty-minute curtain speech denouncing the critics as a pack of venomous snakes. Florenz Ziegfeld's *Follies* were the great successes they invariably were solely on the score of the looks of the girls.

These are only a few of the many legends of our theatre, none

of them with any greater veracity than such extra-theatrical popular beliefs as the relentlessly permanent epidemic of athlete's foot and the cerebral brio of Charlie Chaplin. Since it is the *Follies* that by virtue of its Shubert renaissance today occupies the attention of these erst classical paragraphs, let's see.

It is perfectly true that Ziegfeld's girls were more symphonious than those on any of his competitors' stages, and it is also true that they were a factor in making his shows the successes they were. But they were no more singly responsible for that success than George Lederer's earlier stunners were for the success of his shows. In the whole history of the last one hundred years' musical stage only one show's prosperity has been attributable first and last to its girls, at the time somewhat eccentrically esteemed as lalapaloosæ. That show was *The Black Crook*.

It is generally forgotten that Ziegfeld's exhibits contained numerous sterling box-office lures in

addition to the feminine department. Exceptional comedians like Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Will Rogers, Bert Williams, Fannie Brice, W. C. Fields and such were among the additional aces. Skits by Ring Lardner and lesser but still satisfactory humorists were others. (One of the best things Lardner ever wrote was a baseball sketch for one of the *Follies*.) Music by Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern, Victor Jacobi, Irving Berlin, *et al.*, was still another. Amusing stage novelties such as Mae Murray seen rushing down a street from afar on a movie screen and popping through the screen in person just as she reached the near end of it were yet another. And settings and costumes the beauty of which the local stage had not before approached added the final fillip.

And there was still something else which contributed perhaps even more than any of these to the *Follies* estate. That was the romantic air with which Ziegfeld and the public invested them. They represented then, as lingeringly in memory they do still, all that the term glamour meant before Hollywood aborted it to ridicule in connection with sweated mammary glands, toupéed brunet hams with homesick ophthalmoplegia and quondam drive-in waitresses lan-

guishing seductively on chaises-longues with one leg raised to God. They represented in the theatre what Sherry's and Delmonico's, what hansom cabs (the driver and maybe Richard Harding Davis or Robert Collier and a toast of the town inside them and with Finley Peter Dunne perched on the box), and what the galloping sleigh races to McGowan's in Central Park for the champagne trophy represented out of it. Their opening nights were the occasion of the season, with regiments of police clearing the path to the New Amsterdam for the cars of notabilities in the world of society, public affairs, finance and the arts. And, when the curtain fell, the spirit of their stages permeated for long hours into the dawn the gay parties at Rector's, Jimmy Europe's dancing band at the Sans Souci, the tinkling palm court of the Plaza, and the brilliant Rose and Gold Rooms at the Beaux Arts.

The *Follies* constituted their own theatrical epoch. It was the epoch of American chorus girls the pictorial equivalent of those in George Edwardes' equally famous London Gaiety shows, of Ann Pennington's patella dimples, Bert Williams' droll poker pantomime, W. C. Fields' grand clowning, Marilyn Miller's blonde loveliness, \$25,000

three-minute spectacular numbers, and a general lavishness that New York hitherto had not sniffed elsewhere since the fashionable orgies engineered by Dominick Lynch, in the late Ward McAllister's phrase, "the greatest swell and beau that New York had ever known." It was the era of *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody* and *Hello, Frisco, Hello*, of Will Rogers' allusions to Mr. Ziegfeld (he could never get the boss' name straight), Ben Ali Haggin's sumptuous "living pictures," Kay Laurell atop a huge spinning globe in the approximate altogether, Ray Dooley squealing hilariously in a baby carriage, Diamond Jim Brady's bijouterie outdazzling the stage from the front row, Jimmy Walker coming down the aisle at nine o'clock and stealing the audience's applause from the opening number, and Billie Burke, the boss' wife, all decked out in fluffy white, raptly beaming her approval on the whole works from an upper right-hand stage box.

The full moon seemed always to be making a special, welcoming appearance over Forty-second Street when a *Follies* opened; enough cops, hoping to catch an intermittent earful of the stage doings, crowded the New Amsterdam's inner lobby to give the place the

aspect of a Policemen's Annual Ball; and the mob of curiosity seekers — not autograph fiends, since that was before their birth — made the thoroughfare outside take on the look of a D. W. Griffith Babylonian epic. And inside and on the stage you'd see the delicately lovely young Fairbanks twins in Urban's settings of purple night, and the girls in soft light blue swinging out over the audience, and a wonderful kid stage trick that with the aid of passed around red and green celluloid spectacles made a gigantic hand seem to reach out over the footlights and muss up your hair, and John Steel ruffling the ladies' emotions with songs of love, and Andrew Tombes making uproarious faces, and Justine Johnstone, Olive Thomas, Lillian Lorraine, Martha Mansfield and that overpowering of all Powers models yet to come, the celebrated, stately and regal Dolores. Not forgetting, surely not forgetting, Ziggy himself surveying the scene from the back of the house and, amid all the ermine, sable, mink and white ties, super-resplendent in a lavender shirt, pea-green cravat and maroon socks.

Whenever a reviewer enters into any such good-old-days, pathos-of-distance and beer-tear literature, it is usually by way of preface to pan-

ning the hell out of a present-time show in the same category. It will therefore be natural for the reader to expect some pretty saucy words on the current *Follies* sponsored by the Shuberts. But for once the reader will be disappointed, to a degree. The Shuberts are no Ziegfeld, not by many leagues; Milton Berle is not in the comedian drawer with Ziggy's gala old crowd; the girls will not materially sadden the middle-years of Marion Davies, Annette Bade, Gladys Glad, Mary Eaton and all those other superlulus; the Winter Garden is not the New Amsterdam; and the old Ziggy New York and its atmosphere have passed into the far shadows. Yet, if you can forget Ziegfeld, the show, considered on its own, has its points. Its color is attractive; it is lively with song and dance; it has its humorous moments; and it is generally entertaining. And who knows? Maybe some now novice reviewer, succeeding me in these pages in years to come, will in turn lament that the days of the Shubert *Follies* are no more and that the then current *Follies* of someone else are not, alas, in their class.

* * *

Done With Mirrors. — The authors of *Harriet*, Colin Clements and Florence Ryerson, are a brace of

Hollywood literati whose directly previous contribution to dramatic art was a delicacy about a ravishingly beautiful movie actor high *Glamour Preferred*. It was just what you guess it was, and it was junked, by popular demand, after eleven performances. Their latest contribution, treating of the life and times of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is similarly just what you guess it is, which is strictly high-school biographical drama, but as the favorite Helen Hayes plays the Stowe rôle it will of course be infinitely more prosperous. Since the play itself is worthless, it may here be abruptly dismissed in favor of some extrinsic but relevant comments.

It is generally agreed by the reviewers, who never saw Harriet Beecher Stowe, that Miss Hayes looks and comports herself like her to the life. Maybe she does, maybe she doesn't; I wouldn't know since, like the reviewers who are positive in the matter, I never laid eyes on Harriet either. Miss Hayes gives a performance which persuades me, for right or wrong, that her portrayal is O.K., so that's all that matters so far as I am concerned.

As I intimated last month in connection with *The Patriots*, this whole business of stage portraiture of famous figures of the past is fre-

quently fraught with critical sophistry. Let some actor appear as, say, Stephen A. Douglas or some actress as, say, Nancy Hanks and a corps of pundits are sure to arise and loudly protest that neither looks in the least like what either of the celebrities looks like in the pundits' purely conjectural imagination. While perfectly satisfied to accept as exact likenesses the heroes and heroines of classic Greek historical drama and the kings, queens and princes of Shakespearean chronicle drama, the pundits belabor the air if some figure closer to the present is played by an actor who so much as weighs ten pounds less than the figure or by an actress whose hair is a shade redder or browner or whatnot. Such double-entry critical book-keeping must occasionally lead to subsequent self-embarrassment, as in the recent case of Dr. Wolcott Gibbs who, in his appraisal of the Kingsley play, delivered himself thus: "A modern actor almost invariably looks jocose when made up to represent a celebrated figure out of the past. The darky butler comes in and announces 'General George Washington', but what enters is just a man of customary stature", etc. For the fact is that what enters is an actor (Cecil Humphreys) who, far from being a man of the customary stat-

ure is to the inch the recorded considerable altitude of Washington.

Far from looking invariably jocose in the rôles of celebrated historical figures, modern actors four times out of five picture the figures very satisfactorily. Any number of actors from the hams in the old Hal Reid drama to Frank McGlynn in the Drinkwater and Raymond Massey in the Sherwood — and including even Vincent Price in the Paul Horgan — have looked as much like Lincoln as Lincoln himself. Arliss' Disraeli, Berton Churchill's President Harding, Albert Phillips' General Grant, William Corbett's Robert E. Lee, Helen Hayes' Queen Victoria, Thais Lawton's Queen Elizabeth, Maurice Evans' Napoleon, Edward Trevor's Lafayette, Charles Trexler's Byron — all kinds of such actors and actresses, good, bad and even here and there pretty terrible, have notwithstanding realistically resuscitated the dead.

In short, the belief that, when an actor in the majority of cases comes out on a stage in the guise of an illustrious personage of the past, the audience starts derisively laughing its head off remains largely a critic-fostered legend, and with no more basis in fact than any of the other legends cited at the beginning of this instructive treatise.

The truth is that it is not actual persons who are difficult of histrionic portrayal but, paradoxically, purely fanciful ones. Although actors and actresses have sufficiently pictured everyone from Oliver Cromwell to Teddy Roosevelt and from Nell Gwyn to Carrie Nation, there has not been one who has managed even remotely to suggest such creatures of the imagination as, among numerous others, Maeterlinck's Lancelot or Rostand's far-away princess Melissinde.

ARMS AND THE BOY

BY DAVID MORTON

THERE is a way
The light at morning falls across a door,
And it is his door . . .
And a smell of spring fields
When the rain comes at night
And the wet breeze lifts the curtains
Back into a room,
And it is his room . . .

A father's gray tweed top-coat
On its peg in the hall,
And his sister's voice, humming,
In the dining room
Where she sets the things for supper —
And he, coming in from the chill
Of the evening street,
Where wind is blowing leaves along the walk
In just the way that it has blown them there,
Times out of mind . . .

He is in another place, now;
And these things are back there,
Remembered . . .
And he knows what he is fighting for.

► *An aspect of the race problem
ignored by zealous reformers:*

THE "PET NEGRO" SYSTEM

BY ZORA NEALE HURSTON

BROTHERS and Sisters, I take my text this morning from the Book of Dixie. I take my text and I take my time.

Now it says here, "And every white man shall be allowed to pet himself a Negro. Yea, he shall take a black man unto himself to pet and to cherish, and this same Negro shall be perfect in his sight. Nor shall hatred among the races of men, nor conditions of strife in the walled cities, cause his pride and pleasure in his own Negro to wane."

Now, beloved Brothers and Sisters, I see you have all woke up and you can't wait till the service is over to ask me how come? So I will read you further from the sacred word which says here:

"Thus spake the Prophet of Dixie when slavery was yet a young thing, for he saw the yearning in the

hearts of men. And the dwellers in the bleak North, they who pass old-made phrases through their mouths, shall cry out and say, 'What are these strange utterances? Is it not written that the hand of every white man in the South is raised against his black brother? Do not the sons of Japheth drive the Hammites before them like beasts? Do they not lodge them in shacks and hovels and force them to share the crops? Is not the condition of black men in the South most horrible? Then how doth this scribe named Hurston speak of pet Negroes? Perchance she hath drunk of new wine, and it has stung her like an adder?'"

Now, my beloved, before you explode in fury you might look to see if you know your facts or if you merely know your phrases. It happens that there are more angles to

ZORA NEALE HURSTON will be remembered by MERCURY readers for her remarkable "Story in Harlem Slang" last July. She lives and writes in her native all-Negro town of Eatonville, Florida. A graduate of Barnard College, she achieved a reputation in anthropology as a folk-lorist and for a time headed the Drama Department at North Carolina College for Negroes. Her first book was *Jonah's Gourd Vine* in 1934, her most recent the autobiographical *Dust Tracks on the Road*. She has been active in the promotion of Negro music, dancing and other cultural undertakings.

this race-adjustment business than are ever pointed out to the public, white, black or in-between. Well-meaning outsiders make plans that look perfect from where they sit, possibly in some New York office. But these plans get wrecked on hidden snags. John Brown at Harpers Ferry is a notable instance. The simple race-again-race pattern of those articles and speeches on the subject is not that simple at all. The actual conditions do not jibe with the fulminations of the so-called spokesmen of the white South, nor with the rhetoric of the champions of the Negro cause either.

II

Big men like Bilbo, Heflin and Tillman bellow threats which they know they couldn't carry out even in their own districts. The orators at both extremes may glint and glitter in generalities, but the South lives and thinks in individuals. The North has no interest in the particular Negro, but talks of justice for the whole. The South has no interest, and pretends none, in the mass of Negroes but is very much concerned about the individual. So that brings us to the pet Negro, because to me at least it symbolizes the web of feelings and mutual dependencies spun by generations and

generations of living together and natural adjustment. It isn't half as pretty as the ideal adjustment of theorizers, but it's a lot more real and durable, and a lot of black folk, I'm afraid, find it mighty cosy.

The pet Negro, beloved, is someone whom a particular white person or persons wants to have and to do all the things forbidden to other Negroes. It can be Aunt Sue, Uncle Stump, or the black man at the head of some Negro organization. Let us call him John Harper. John is the pet of Colonel Cary and his lady, and Colonel Cary swings a lot of weight in his community.

The Colonel will tell you that he opposes higher education for Negroes. It makes them mean and cunning. Bad stuff for Negroes. He is against having lovely, simple blacks turned into rascals by too much schooling. But there are exceptions. Take John, for instance. Worked hard, saved up his money and went up there to Howard University and got his degree in education. Smart as a whip! Seeing that John had such a fine head, of course he helped John out when necessary. Not that he would do such a thing for the average darky, no sir! He is no nigger lover. Strictly unconstructed Southerner, willing to battle for white supremacy! But his John is different.

So naturally when John finished college and came home, Colonel Cary knew he was the very man to be principal of the Negro high school, and John got the post even though someone else had to be eased out. And making a fine job of it. Decent, self-respecting fellow. Built himself a nice home and bought himself a nice car. John's wife is county nurse; the Colonel spoke to a few people about it and she got the job. John's children are smart and have good manners. If all the Negroes were like them he wouldn't mind what advancement they made. But the rest of them, of course, lie like the cross-ties from New York to Key West. They steal things and get drunk. Too bad, but Negroes are like that.

Now there are some prominent white folk who don't see eye to eye with Colonel Cary about this John Harper. They each have a Negro in mind who is far superior to John. They listen to eulogies about John only because they wish to be listened to about their own pets. They pull strings for the Colonel's favorites knowing that they will get the same thing done for theirs.

Now, how can the Colonel make his attitude towards John Harper jibe with his general attitude towards Negroes? Easy enough. He got his general attitude by tradi-

tion, and he has no quarrel with it. But he found John truthful and honest, clean, reliable and a faithful friend. He *likes* John and so considers him as white inside as anyone else. The treatment made and provided for Negroes generally is suspended, restrained and done away with. He knows that John is able to learn what white people of similar opportunities learn. Colonel Cary's affection and respect for John, however, in no way extend to black folk in general.

When you understand that, you see why it is so difficult to change certain things in the South. His particular Negroes are not suffering from the strictures, and the rest are no concern of the Colonel's. Let their own white friends do for them. If they are worth the powder and lead it would take to kill them, they have white friends; if not, then they belong in the "stray nigger" class and nobody gives a damn about them. If John should happen to get arrested for anything except assault and murder upon the person of a white man, or rape, the Colonel is going to stand by him and get him out. It would be a hard-up Negro who would work for a man who couldn't get his black friends out of jail.

And mind you, the Negroes have their pet whites, so to speak. It

works both ways. Class-consciousness of Negroes is an angle to be reckoned with in the South. They love to be associated with "the quality" and consequently are ashamed to admit that they are working for "strainers." It is amusing to see a Negro servant chasing the madam or the boss back on his or her pedestal when they behave in an unbecoming manner. Thereby he is to a certain extent preserving his own prestige, derived from association with that family.

If ever it came to the kind of violent showdown the orators hint at, you could count on all the Colonel Carys tipping off and protecting their John Harpers; and you could count on all the John Harpers and Aunt Sues to exempt their special white folk. And that means that pretty nearly everybody on both sides would be exempt, except the "pore white trash" and the "stray niggers," and not all of them.

III

An outsider driving through a street of well-off Negro homes, seeing the great number of high-priced cars, will wonder why he has never heard of this side of Negro life in the South. He has heard about the shacks and the sharecroppers. He

has had them before him in literature and editorials and crusading journals. But the other side isn't talked about by the champions of white supremacy, because it makes their stand, and their stated reasons for keeping the Negro down, look a bit foolish. The Negro crusaders and their white adherents can't talk about it because it is obviously bad strategy. The worst aspects must be kept before the public to force action.

It has been so generally accepted that all Negroes in the South are living under horrible conditions that many friends of the Negro up North actually take offense if you don't tell them a tale of horror and suffering. They stroll up to you, cocktail glass in hand, and say, "I am a friend of the Negro, you know, and feel awful about the terrible conditions down there." That's your cue to launch into atrocities amidst murmurs of sympathy. If, on the other hand, just to find out if they really have done some research down there, you ask, "What conditions do you refer to?" you get an injured, and sometimes a malicious, look. Why ask foolish questions? Why drag in the many Negroes of opulence and education? Yet these comfortable, contented Negroes are as real as the sharecroppers.

There is, in normal times, a regular stream of high-powered cars driven by Negroes headed North each summer for a few weeks' vacation. These people go, have their fling, and hurry back home. Doctors, teachers, lawyers, businessmen, they are living and working in the South because that is where they want to be. And why not? Economically, they are at ease and more. The professional men do not suffer from the competition of their white colleagues to anything like they do up North. Personal vanity, too, is served. The South makes a sharp distinction between the upper-class and lower-class Negro. Businessmen cater to him. His word is *good* downtown. There is some Mr. Big in the background who is interested in him and will back his fall. All the plums that a Negro can get are dropped in his mouth. He wants no part of the cold, impersonal North. He notes that there is segregation and discrimination up there, too, with none of the human touches of the South.

As I have said, beloved, these Negroes who are petted by white friends think just as much of their friends across the line. There is a personal attachment that will ride over practically anything that is liable to happen to either. They

have their fingers crossed, too, when they say they don't like white people. "White people" does not mean their particular friends, any more than niggers means John Harper to the Colonel. This is important. For anyone, or any group, counting on a solid black South, or a solid white South in opposition to each other will run into a hornet's nest if he discounts these personal relations. Both sides admit the general principle of opposition, but when it comes to putting it into practice, behold what happens. There is a quibbling, a stalling, a backing and filling that nullifies all the purple oratory.

So well is this underground hook-up established, that it is not possible to keep a secret from either side. Nearly everybody spills the beans to his favorite on the other side of the color line — in strictest confidence, of course. That's how the "petting system" works in the South.

Is it a good thing or a bad thing? Who am I to pass judgment? I am not defending the system, beloved, but trying to explain it. The low-down fact is that it weaves a kind of basic fabric that tends to stabilize relations and give something to work from in adjustments. It works to prevent hasty explosions. There are some people in every

community who can always talk things over. It may be the proof that this race situation in America is not entirely hopeless and may even be worked out eventually.

There are dangers in the system. Too much depends on the integrity of the Negro so trusted. It cannot be denied that this trust has been abused at times. What was meant for the whole community has been turned to personal profit by the pet. Negroes have long groaned because of this frequent diversion of general favors into the channels of private benefits. Why do we not go to Mr. Big and expose the Negro in question? Sometimes it is because we do not like to let white people know that we have folks of that ilk. Sometimes we make a bad face and console ourselves, "At least one Negro has gotten himself a sinecure not usually dealt out to us." We curse him for a yellow-bellied sea-buzzard, a ground-mole and a woods-pussy, call him a white-folkses nigger, an Uncle Tom, and a handkerchief-head and let it go at that. In all fairness, it must be said that these terms are often flung around out of jealousy: somebody else would like the very cinch that the accused has grabbed himself.

But when everything is discounted, it still remains true that white people North and South have promoted

Negroes — usually in the capacity of "representing the Negro" — with little thought of the ability of the person promoted but in line with the "pet system." In the South it can be pointed to scornfully as a residue of feudalism; in the North no one says *what* it is. And that, too, is part of the illogical, indefensible but somehow useful "pet system."

IV

The most powerful reason why Negroes do not do more about false "representation" by pets is that they know from experience that the thing is too deep-rooted to be budged. The appointer has his reasons, personal or political. He can always point to the beneficiary and say, "Look, Negroes, you have been taken care of. Didn't I give a member of your group a big job?" White officials assume that the Negro element is satisfied and they do not know what to make of it when later they find that so large a body of Negroes charge indifference and double-dealing. The white friend of the Negroes mumbles about ingratitude and decides that you simply can't understand Negroes . . . just like children.

A case in point is Dr. James E. Sheppard, President of the North

Carolina State College for Negroes. He has a degree in pharmacy, and no other. For years he ran a one-horse religious school of his own at Durham, North Carolina. But he has always been in politics and has some good friends in power at Raleigh. So the funds for the State College for Negroes were turned over to him, and his little church school became the Negro college so far as that State is concerned. A fine set of new buildings has been erected. With a host of Negro men highly trained as educators within the State, not to mention others who could be brought in, a pharmacist heads up higher education for Negroes in North Carolina. North Carolina can't grasp why Negroes aren't perfectly happy and grateful.

In every community there is some Negro strong man or woman whose word is going to go. In Jacksonville, Florida, for instance, there is Eartha White. You better see Eartha if you want anything from the white powers-that-be. She happens to be tremendously interested in helping the unfortunates of her city and she does get many things for them from the whites.

I have white friends with whom I would, and do, stand when they have need of me, race counting for nothing at all. Just friendship. All the well-known Negroes could hon-

estly make the same statement. I mean that they all have strong attachments across the line whether they intended them in the beginning or not. Carl Van Vechten and Henry Allen Moe could ask little of me that would be refused. Walter White, the best known race champion of our time, is hand and glove with Supreme Court Justice Black, a native of Alabama and an ex-Klansman. So you see how this friendship business makes a sorry mess of all the rules made and provided. James Weldon Johnson, the crusader for Negro rights, was bogged to his neck in white friends whom he loved and who loved him. Dr. William E. Burkhardt DuBois, the bitterest opponent of the white race that America has ever known, loved Joel Spingarn and was certainly loved in turn by him. The thing doesn't make sense. It just makes beauty.

Friendship, however it comes about, is a beautiful thing. The Negro who loves a white friend is shy in admitting it because he dreads the epithet "white folks' nigger!" The white man is wary of showing too much warmth for his black friends for fear of being called "nigger-lover," so he explains his attachment by extolling the extraordinary merits of his black friend to gain tolerance for it.

This is the inside picture of things, as I see it. Whether you like it or not, is no concern of mine. But it is an important thing to know if you have any plans for racial manipulations in Dixie. You cannot batter in doors down there, and you can save time and trouble, and I do mean trouble, by hunting up the community keys.

In a way, it is a great and heartening tribute to human nature. It will be bound by nothing. The

South frankly acknowledged this long ago in its laws against marriage between blacks and whites. If the Southern law-makers were so sure that racial antipathy would take care of racial purity, there would have been no need for the laws.

"And no man shall seek to deprive a man of his Pet Negro. It shall be unwritten-lawful for any to seek to prevent him in his pleasure thereof. Thuspoken the Prophet of Dixie." *Selah.*



"That would be something new . . . we've never been defeated by a Republican Administration."

ATHLETE'S FOOT AND OTHER SKIN DISEASES

BY MARION B. SULZBERGER, M.D.
AND RUDOLF L. BAER, M.D.

THE odds are better than even that you or someone you know has been troubled by a fungous skin disease. Small germs classed as "fungi" cause the common foot ailment often called "athlete's foot," and are responsible also for many skin eruptions of the hands, the upper thighs, the crotch, the armpits and other large skin-folds. Such eruptions may affect still other skin areas and sometimes spread over the whole body. Fungous skin diseases, in brief, are exceedingly common and they may be disagreeable, disabling and difficult to cure.

Right now, the prevention and treatment of these diseases is doubly important because they are responsible for much time lost in the war effort by both soldiers and civilians. While there are no exact

figures available on time lost in civilian industries by reason of fungous ailments, a fair approximation can be made from the research of Dr. Louis Schwartz, of the Office of Dermatoses Investigation of the United States Public Health Service, whose careful studies disclose that more than 70 per cent of industrial diseases in this country are skin diseases. Most leading dermatologists recognize the fact that fungi play a rôle in industrial skin troubles, either as direct causes or because they soften up the skin's defenses against irritants and infections other than fungi, and thus initiate, complicate or prolong other disease processes. As for the Army, available 1940 statistics show 8.5 admissions to the sick list per every thousand men on duty. Applied to

MARION B. SULZBERGER, *assistant clinical professor of dermatology and syphilology, Columbia University, is at present a commander in the Medical Corps of the U. S. Naval Reserve.*

RUDOLF L. BAER *is visiting fellow in medicine, Cornell University Medical College, and on the dermatologic staff of the Montefiore Hospital and Post-Graduate Hospital of Columbia University, both in New York.*

any army of ten million men, this ratio would mean 85,000 men admitted annually to the sick list because of a fungous skin disease. Navy statistics are no more encouraging. In each of the last ten years, these ailments caused a loss of about 122.5 days for every thousand men on duty, which means that in a navy of a million and a half men, 183,750 days would be lost yearly.

These figures represent minimums. They do not include the many mild cases, but record only those men who were so severely affected they had to quit duty for several consecutive days. Nor do they take into account the cases in which fungi were not the sole causes but may have been contributing factors. Finally, the figures are based on peacetime and not on wartime incidence. War involves a greatly increased amount of marching, sweating and chafing; forced abstinence from careful hygiene; exposure to tropical weather and to conditions in submarines, engine rooms and trenches. These factors greatly increase the incidence of active fungous skin diseases.

Surgeons General of the Army and Navy have joined the National Research Council in intensive studies of the problem. All dermatologists recognize that there are urgent problems to be solved, but because

of the relatively scant knowledge on some aspects of fungous diseases, there is considerable difference of opinion among experts. Not all specialists agree as to the best methods of prevention and treatment. However, the authors believe they have assembled the "do's" and "don'ts" which represent the best advice currently available to the general public.

DON'TS

1. Don't worry about "catching" the disease or about being "infected" by picking up new fungi from bathrooms, floors, carpets or shoes. Above all, don't use strong disinfectants or remedies. Careful studies show that the vast majority of adults in the United States constantly carry fungi about on their feet, between their toes, in their toenails, corns and calluses. No amount of disinfection and "strong" treatment can eliminate these germs completely or permanently. And the mere presence of fungi is not sufficient to cause *active* disease. They usually stay just where they are, causing no apparent trouble.
2. Don't worry about catching the fungous disease even from intimate, direct and repeated contact with some affected person, or about passing it on to some other member of the family if *you* have it. The

authors and Dr. Rudolph Hecht recently completed a survey of this problem, drawing on the experience of eighty-eight of the country's outstanding dermatologists. From this study, we concluded that "conjugal and familial transmission of ordinary fungous infections of the feet and groins is either *non-existent or a great rarity*."

3. Don't try to diagnose your own case and don't think that you, your friends, your druggist or anyone else except an experienced physician can tell you whether an eruption of the hands and feet or other parts is really a fungous infection, or is not a fungous disease at all. A great many completely different skin conditions can look and act so much like fungous infections that even the most experienced dermatologist cannot always tell them apart. For example, a skin trouble which appears superficially to be athlete's foot may actually be an irritation due to allergy to shoe leather, socks, dyes or plants — or, more frequently, due to salves, lotions, tinctures or powders which have been used to prevent or control fungous infection. It may, on the other hand, be some entirely different type of skin disease, anything from psoriasis to drug rashes.

4. Don't neglect sores, blisters, scaling or any other skin trouble

on your feet, hands or elsewhere. Correct early treatment may prevent spread of the eruption and a consequent serious illness.

5. Don't wear ill-fitting or poorly ventilated shoes, lumpy socks, or tight, poorly fitting clothing. Don't allow your skin to become soggy, chafed, swollen, blistered, or otherwise irritated. Don't use potentially irritating patent medicines or "strong" remedies. Don't fumigate or disinfect shoes, socks, tubs, floors or bathmats with agents which might damage your skin.

DO'S

Certain *unknown* factors reduce the normal resistance to fungi and lead, in some persons, to varying degrees of local or general fungous skin disease. But there are also many *known* conditions recognized as increasing susceptibility. It is known that fungi multiply only in *dead* tissue, and most rapidly in the presence of warmth and moisture, therefore moisture, accumulation of dead tissue, scales, or crusts in any damaged skin area may promote the activity of fungi. Obesity, disturbances in sweating, blood circulation, or sugar metabolism (diabetes) — these are all general conditions of ill health which may favor the production of fungous disease.

Inasmuch as the fungi cannot all

be killed off, and since the *unknown* factors cannot be eliminated, the prevention of fungous disease to-day depends in large measure on a careful, consistent, sustained counter-offensive against the *known* allies of the invading fungi. These preventive measures are as follows:

1. See to it that your feet are kept as dry as possible. Pay particular attention to the webs between the toes and to all the skin folds. After every bath, shower, or wetting of the feet, dry and remove the loose scales between toes or on soles by *gentle* rubbing with a towel. If you have any tendency toward scaling or cracking, wash the webs between the toes, the folds of the groins, the armpits and the areas under the breasts with alcohol (50 to 70 per cent), eau de cologne or toilet water. Then apply powder liberally between the toes, in socks, shoes and slippers. Any fine, non-irritating absorbent powder will do: ordinary talcum, zinc stearate, or a mixed powder containing five parts of powdered boric acid (or powdered tannic acid) to ninety-five parts of finely-powdered talc.

2. Make certain you have no malformation or faulty distribution of weight on the feet, no areas of too close contact of skin folds or of excessive friction which might lead to injury or to soggy skin, chafing,

blistering or scaling. If some of your toes are set too closely together, put a wisp of lamb's wool or some folded cigarette paper (or paper tissue) between them before you pull on socks or stockings.

3. Be sure your shoes fit. Don't wear rubbers, galoshes or rubber boots too long in the house.

4. If you are inclined to have skin trouble, if there is persistent soggy skin or scaling, cracking, peeling, redness, swelling, itching, burning, or any other change of the skin on your feet or any other part, *seek the best medical advice as early as possible.*

5. Remember that attacks of athlete's foot and other common skin diseases may be symptomatic of some underlying contributory condition of general ill health. Early, correct treatment of these conditions may be necessary, not only to combat the attacks of fungous infection, but also to avert serious threats to general health.

6. If you have an attack of blistering, scaling, cracking, swelling or itching of the feet or toes, carry out *only the following procedures* until medical diagnosis and treatment are available:

Get off your feet as much as possible. Keep your shoes and stockings off and keep your feet on or above the level of your hips as many

hours per day as possible. If there is marked swelling, blistering, soreness, heat, pus or any other sign of infection on foot or leg, go to bed at once and stay there until you can get a doctor or until the acute attack has passed.

If there are cracks, soggy skin, blisters or soreness, redness or swelling of the feet, soak them in a basinful of boric acid solution, preferably tepid or slightly warm. To make the solution, use one heaping teaspoonful of boric acid powder or crystals to each glass of hot water. Allow the mixture to stand until it is tepid or cool. Keep spreading the toes while your feet are soaking, if necessary by placing wedges of absorbent cotton in the spaces between the toes. Carry out these soakings a half hour to an hour, one to six times a day, according to the severity of your case, the improvement produced, and the way your skin tolerates the treatment.

If this type of soaking is ineffective, or if there is no improvement after a day or two and there are signs of spreading or irritation, change the treatment, provided you are still unable to get a doctor. Try Burow's solution, diluted one part with twenty parts of water — either for soakings in a basin as described above, or as wet compresses, applied with soaked cloths.

In the intervals between soakings or compresses, dry your feet thoroughly and then use one of the simple powders previously described. Dust the powder on your feet, between the toes, in socks and shoes.

If there are large blisters, filled with fluid or pus, and if these are tense and painful, they can be opened by puncturing them with a needle sterilized in a flame or with alcohol. This puncturing should be carried out only by a physician, a nurse, or someone with proper training in sterile procedures. Punctures may be repeated as often as the blisters fill up again, but the top of the blister is best left in place.

If there is no marked swelling, large blisters, raw areas, pus or pain, but only scaling, cracking or itching, try this procedure until a doctor can be consulted: Paint calomine lotion on the affected areas; apply simple powders to your feet, and liberally in your shoes.

To prevent attacks, and recurrences after attacks, continue to use powders liberally even when the skin has returned to normal. *Keep your feet dry.* See to it that no excess of scaly or horny material remains on your feet. Remove such excess gently. Prevent all injuries to the skin surface.

Finally, if you tend to have re-

peated attacks of "athlete's foot" or other fungous infection, remember that the cause may be deeper. Get a general health checkup.

A last, and most important, word: Use advertised or patent medicines only if your doctor prescribes them after he has made sure that your

skin trouble is one that will be benefited by the particular remedy. Dermatologists today find that many cases are not really simple fungous infections at all, but were produced by irritations from patent medicines and strong disinfectants used out of fear of infection.

TILL YOU CAME

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

WHEN day turned to night
And summer began to chill
As the leaves caught
The longer evenings of frost,
My heart would tighten with the unreason
Of the continuing melancholy —
Till you came, my love.

When I saw young boys
Become men and go off by themselves
And girls glow into womanhood
And take the whole world for their domain,
My eyes would close with the distant glory
Of the stark, inevitable logic —
Till you came, my love.

When music stopped
And carefree talk ceased,
And the ever-present bleak silences
Descended over all, going I know not where,
The tumultuous oceans of eternity
Would beat against my breast —
Till you came, my love.

Hollywood accomplishment that has not received the recognition it merits. Two of the foremost crusaders for lip-do in this country are Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo. Together they have reshaped millions of female lips and hence millions of male lives. This physiognomic influence, overlooked by the intelligentsia in its studies of the movie capital, extends to every other feature, as plasticsurgeons and the cosmetic industry can testify.

Credit for the phenomenon must go in the first place to make-up artists. These folk are to modern America what the court painters were to Europe when royalty held sway. They set the styles and norms of



Tourist

beauty. Make-up artists like Perc Westmore are no less creative because they paint on faces instead of canvas.

* * *

To the casual visitor Hollywood is a dream city of stark reality where the normal seems eccentric and the screwball is commonplace. Contrary to popular belief, the night life of the town exists primarily and sometimes exclusively for visitors. The settled Hollywoodian, with a place in the scheme of



Guide

things, is an early riser. All studios maintain spartan schedules. Technical crews, directors, writers, performers in full make-up must be on the set ready to shoot at 9 A.M. Since the picture factories are scattered over an area of some eight hundred square miles, the Hollywoodian often must get up at 6 A.M. to check in on time. The late Mr. Woolcott's crack about the guy who became an actor because he liked to stay up late does not apply to the movie actor.



Starlet at Cocktail Party

You don't begin to understand Hollywood until you know the "Hire and Fire Your Servants Agency" . . . and the telephone service which by prearrangement will call you away from boring parties . . . or the first-aid stations where a broken fingernail, a lost eyelash or a torn stocking may be mended in a jiffy . . . or the drive-in theatres, restaurants and banks . . . or the restaurant where you may get a steam bath and rub-down before eating. When such things become as ordinary to you as an automat to a New Yorker, then you may regard yourself as on the highroad to acclimatization.



Marketing

Geographically, Hollywood lies between Beverly Hills and Los Angeles. But generically it extends from Culver City to the Pacific Ocean, Sun Valley, Santa Monica, Pasadena and Malibu. Its style of life and its tempo are its boundaries, and these take in a vast area of Southern California; in a sense they extend through the whole nation.

Hollywood differs from all other great cities in that it has no physical center. The conventional landmarks denoting the cultural heart of other cities — its church or main plaza, theatre, museum, opera, coffee house — are conspicuously absent in movieland. The bohemianism native to every artist has found unusual means of expression in the cinema artists and those associated with them. Home, drug stores on Sunset Boulevard and cocktail parties have replaced the traditional garret and Latin Quarter café. Hollywood is neither provincial nor cosmopolitan, nor yet a blending of the two. It is a breed quite without precedent, having a distinct form and pattern unrelated to conventional cities.

* * *

The lunatic fringe publicized by Americana enthusiasts has conveyed an erroneous picture of the city — factual, but erroneous all the same. A saint in a loincloth who would



Brown Derby Waitress

seem a screwball on Fifth Avenue is wholly in place in India. It is even thus with Hollywoodians. They are described by earnest outsiders in terms of the bizarre, but there is nothing in the least bizarre about them in the movie capital.

In Hollywood there is nothing at all remarkable about the ubiquitous smoked glasses . . . fur coats under a tropical sun . . . glamorized funerals . . . screwy and theatrical architecture . . . duplex burgers and hamfurters . . . dogs with painted toenails . . . gas-station Apollos and Brown Derby Venuses . . . fir trees shrouded with prop snow on boulevards during the Christmas season . . . press agents who employ press agents who employ press agents

. . . Aimee Semple McPherson beseeching the Lord to "cover Hitler with boils from head to foot" . . . tourists in fantastic garb . . . and a million other things which might be incongruous or even crazy elsewhere.

The true Hollywoodian is integral with his surroundings. He reflects in a wonderful way the strange life and the blown-up values in the

make-believe world he has invented and elaborated. The seeming insanities and inanities are really part and parcel of the search and adjustment which mark the emergence of a quite new art form. They are a species of birth pangs. The Hollywoodian eccentricities are no more eccentric, in their place, than the grease, overalls and grimy fingernails of mechanics in an industrial plant.

FAITH

BY ANITA DANIEL

CHRISTOPHER, our old gardener, was a dear old man, a pure soul and a passionate storyteller. Many of his stories revolved around the miracles performed by an old preacher in a nearby village whom he called, reverently, "the saint man." If anyone doubted the powers of "the saint man," Christopher would be deeply hurt.

"It is the Lord Himself who tells him things," he whispered. "Imagine, children, every day, in the late afternoon, the saint man sits down near the window, and the door opens and the Lord comes in, and the Lord sits on the other chair, and they talk together . . . exactly as you and I talk together. . . ."

Old Christopher was pale with emotion. One of the youngsters smiled: "Now father Christopher, did you ever see all this with your own eyes?"

Christopher frowned: "No, but the saint man told it to me himself!"

"And you really believe him?" the youngster went on.

"Do I believe him?" Christopher raised his voice. "How can you ask such a thing? Do you suppose the Lord would come in every day and sit down and talk to a liar?!"

► *Close-up of an old-style
Chicago politician.*

THE HINKY DINK GOES DOWN

BY EARL SELBY

HINKY DINK KENNA, the derby-topped symbol of the gaslight era in American politics, is going down. The world's most famous alderman, whose whisper was the voice of law for fifty years in Chicago's richest ward, has reached for the hemlock and decided to call it quits. The passing of Hinky Dink — also called Michael, the Hink, and the Little Fella — means the end of an era in which government wore the gilded lily of corruption. Men were catapulted into political office on the proceeds from liquor and loose women. They recognized only one law: the law of voting early and often. Politics was like a sport that men played on the streets and in the bars, with only the flickering lights of gas jets for illumination.

Think of all this and you think of the Hink. For Kenna was not unique; he was symptomatic of America. The Hink was different from the other great symbols of his

era only in that he lasted longer and never spent a day in jail. To understand the Hink and his career is to understand the most rollicking frolic that free elections ever enjoyed in the bistros of America.

There was a simple formula for political success in the tarnished time of the Hink: feed a man and give him drink and then pad his pocket with fifty cents for every time he votes the way you dictate. And Chicago's first ward was a natural for Kenna. At one time or another, most of the hoboes in America drifted into the city and holed up in Hinky Dink's notorious tavern, the Workingman's Exchange, on South Clark street, within an echo of the Loop's skyscrapers. Flop houses were sprinkled like rain in the Hink's ward, for use by those who had scratched a few pennies from a day's begging. Ladies of sin, quartered in luxurious bagnios, added their voices of praise for Kenna. The ward was solid with individuals

EARL SELBY has been at various times on the staffs of the Chicago Tribune, the Chicago Sunday Times and the United Press. He is now a staff writer for Esquire and Coronet.

whose only apparent activity was tilting the bottle and the ballot box. And they loved the Hink, for he supplied their every need. He gave them money, beer, a bed — who could give them more? That was the pattern of the ward boss.

The Hink was no pioneer. He followed in Chicago where others had trod in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Kansas City and San Francisco. Of his righteous opposition, the Hink once remarked that he had been fought by “experts, reformers, newspapers, gentlemen, hoodlums, Democrats and Republicans.” He bested them all in his day — but now the Hink is on a twin-edged spot that apparently has him licked.

Kenna knows the end is near. The little old man — he’s eighty-four years old and has mild, watery eyes that look like yellow pop drops in the snow — stood the other day in his office in the South Clark street cigar store he maintains “for the boys to hang out in.” “I guess I won’t be around so much longer,” he remarked to his long-time friend, John Budinger. “I don’t think I’ll run for alderman again.” It was a quiet finale — Hinky Dink has seen the handwriting.

In the past, he had always carried the “foist” Democratic by ten thousand to fifteen thousand votes.

In the 1940 Presidential election, businessmen who operate the city’s million dollar stores and office buildings in the ward organized a purity campaign that cut the flop house votes to virtually nothing. The Hink was left with a red face and only a two thousand vote advantage. In the 1942 Senatorial balloting, the Hink’s candidate polled only 1,600 votes more than the Republican nominee. Age and the advance of political science were obviously making inroads on the Hink’s domain and the Little Fella knew it. He shook his head and said again to Budinger, “I don’t guess I’ll be sitting down in the council again, John.”

II

It was in 1884 that diminutive Michael Kenna, the West Side kid who had been dubbed Hinky Dink by his pals, decided to take up politics. His nickel lunchroom, selling only pie, doughnuts and coffee, had failed when a manager absconded with the firm’s cash. But already the Hink was dabbling in the saloon business and visioned a new career.

The Cleveland campaign of 1884 was a humdinger, with shouting, singing, carousing, and especially parades. Torchlight parades gave

Hinky Dink his first opportunity to carry the torch for the dear old "first." The city's political structure was just beginning to take shape then and the politicians liked Kenna. He was the little man who never put the doublecross on anyone, and always had an extra beer for the down-and-out. Eight years after the Hink began puttering in politics, he persuaded "Bathhouse John" Coughlin to leave his job as rubber in the Palmer House baths. He put a clean suit on John and campaigned to elect him as alderman of the ward. Kenna's flophouse friends flocked to the polls and John won without a fight.

Coughlin, who had a taste for the theatrical and a flair for bad verse, immediately launched on a career of oratory. He had an opinion on everything and for years was a favorite of Chicago newspapermen who sought gaudy quotes. More often than not, Coughlin would greet reporters by giving them copies of "poems" that came to him, he said, "like a bolt from the blue."

The Hink was delighted over John's election and began to relish political power. He also learned to sense voting trends. In 1895, the Hink — against his judgment and desire — ran for election with Coughlin for the two aldermanic posts in the ward. They were de-

feated, as Kenna had privately predicted, but the Hink established his reputation as a man whose word was never broken. After the election, the story was bandied about that Kenna could have won if he had chosen to aid the Republicans by repudiating the titular head of Kenna's Democratic ticket. The Hink, according to the story, refused. Thus, although Kenna was licked, he earned the respect of the homeless bums in the ward, who were impressed by the Hink's decision to stand with his friends.

Two years later, Hinky Dink achieved an easy victory in the aldermanic election. "Bathhouse John," hanging on Kenna's coat tails, coasted in with him. By this time, the Workingman's Exchange was in operation, advertised in front by a monster sign in the shape of a beer mug with the words, "The largest and coolest in the city." The Hink served a mug of beer containing twenty-nine ounces of suds. The stein itself, called a "tub" by the proud Kenna, weighed three and one-half pounds. Years later, when prohibition stopped the tavern's operation, the Hink sent one to Miss Anna Gordon, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Coughlin accompanied the mug with a sample of his poetic talents:

*Dear, gentle, gracious, efficient president
of the WCTU,*

*This souvenir of pre-Volsteadian days I
beg to present to you.*

*My compliments go with it, and as you
gaze upon it filled with flowers
sweet,*

*I priihee remember that it oft contained
Manhattan suds on old Clark
street.*

The Exchange was topped by a rooming house for any three hundred boes who needed a slab for the night. The Hink gave it gladly to them — but they had to promise to be around for duty on election day. A half-block from the Exchange, Hinky Dink had yet another saloon, catering to the higher class of bums in the Loop area. A mirror above the bar was distinguished by a Latin motto, *In Vino Veritas*, for which the Hink had his own translation: “When you’ve got your snoot full, you’ll tell your right name.” It was from the second-floor office above this bar that the Hink ran his ward — and operated the great First Ward Masked Ball, a most exciting politico-social event.

The ball reached unprecedented heights — or depths — of carnality in the first decade of this century. Held in the Chicago Coliseum, the affair attracted the city’s best and worst citizens. The latter came to pay homage to the Hink — and contribute to his campaign chest

— while the best citizens came either to get facts for reformers or to unloose their inhibitions. Every shady lady in the Hink’s ward was expected to attend the ball with her entire entourage. It was customary for the sin-house Circes to buy a box along the dance floor and sit displayed in vivid purple, pink and red dresses. Promptly at midnight, the Bath led the Grand March, which was a lineup of the girls and their “real” boy friends, who more likely than not were thugs, murderers, panderers and other characters dosseried in police headquarters. For this occasion, Coughlin invariably attired himself in a dress suit made of billiard green cloth, but the Hink, who stood in a box at one end of the Coliseum greeting his “guests,” always wore a discreet full dress, complete to the white gloves.

The ball was punctuated by only a few capering dance steps most of the night. But at three o’clock in the morning, the preliminaries were abruptly terminated and the patrons said adieu to their discretion and manners-for-a-night. The ladies piled over the rails of their boxes and sought out darkened corners in the Coliseum, or else repaired to the dusky atmosphere of the building’s annex. Then, while pop-eyed men watched, the ladies

went into their acts, which consisted of demonstrating swivel-swirling hips for a warmup, and bovine bumps for a climax. Reformers, who sometimes went into the annex on what they claimed were purely sociological expeditions, come out with pale faces. Finally, in 1910, they obtained a court injunction and the Hink reluctantly gave up his bonanza, which had averaged \$25,000 a year for the cause.

III

The Hink and his lieutenants once were startled by the vote returns from the ninth precinct of the first ward. This little unit of democracy included fourteen saloons, twelve lodging houses, four opium joints, and a few homes for ladies of commerce. But there was also an empty store in which evangelists had been conducting revival meetings during the campaign. Election came and went on November 5, 1908, but in its wake were eight votes for prohibition. "The liquor foe is coming," thundered the Bath. "Who done it?" asked the Hink. Nick Martin, Kenna's secretary, provided the answer.

"It's religion that done it," said Nick. "I'll take my life there wasn't any colonizing of prohibitionists and those votes didn't come out of

the air. I think that some of those guys went right from the revival meetings to the voting place. And that ain't fair."

Often the Hink has been termed the scourge of democracy. Lincoln Steffens, having examined Chicago, denounced Kenna and the Bath throughout the country as typical ward bosses. The Hink was not flustered. Brought into court once for alleged chicanery with the ballots, he declared that he had the "finest organization in the city," and blandly explained that he "preached to his men on Sunday mornings to be honest and to deny a ballot to anyone without the qualifications of a voter. I got the cleanest and most respectable ward in the city."

In 1940, nearly at the end of his career, the Hink solemnly told his "boys" in a campaign meeting that "what we want is an honest vote and in that way we'll have no trouble and nobody will be nosing around." That, however, was the year that his ward turned up the lowest Democratic plurality in a Presidential election in this century. It was also the year when more alleged irregularities were uncovered than at any other time. Politics in the first ward had entered a new phase. In the bullet-riddled years of prohibition, Al Capone and his mob had ridden herd on most of the city.

The Hink, however, had been given leeway to operate his domain as he saw fit. In 1940, shreds of the gang still remained, manipulating gambling syndicates and red-light rings. The mob still needed a percentage of "official" protection — and someone in power in the ward who could guarantee that protection.

When the Hink's power at the polls slipped a bit in the 1938 election, Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti — the man who made sure that Capone's orders were enforced — reputedly moved in to insure perpetual protection. Good government was far from Nitti's ideal of how to maintain a gambling and prostitution enterprise. But when Nitti moved in, he brought with him a new technique of dealing with ballots. Where Kenna had given a man beer and a bed and had been generous with the purse on voting day, Nitti apparently resorted to ballot erasures, forgeries and missing voters. As one disgusted observer of the political scene told a reporter: "Hell, the Hink bought the votes, he didn't steal them." The grapevine word around Chicago now is that the "Enforcer" will have the say about dictating the Hink's successor as alderman. The benevolent atmosphere of old-time corruption has given way to hard, tough mobs.

The Hink was never tough or hard — only shrewd and unscrupulous. Chicago remembers 1925, when he stepped aside in the City Council to permit the Bath to remain in office as alderman. A state law limiting each ward to one alderman meant that the Hink, who had been sitting with Coughlin ever since 1897, had to choose between himself and his protégé. Without hesitation, the Hink let Coughlin stay in the Council while he retired to his cigar store. The Hink was still the boss, of course, but it was Coughlin who made the public notices.

Hinky Dink came back to the council in 1938 after Coughlin died. During the funeral of "Bathhouse John," the Little Fella rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and sat stoop-backed in the cathedral. Although Kenna spoke with no one, reporters wrote of the "great sadness" that hung over him.

The Hink was unusual in that he chose a wife who apparently stood diametrically opposed to his philosophy of politics. Dowagers who patronized the WCTU were surprised when they learned that the good looking woman on the South Side who gave liberally to their cause and sponsored temperance balls was the spouse of the Little Fella. She kept herself out of print

almost entirely until she died in 1934. In 1906 Kenna's wife once insisted that they take a trip to Europe. When he returned he was asked if he had met anyone in Rome. "Most everyone you'd want to meet in Rome has been dead two thousand years," he answered wryly. "But what about Paris?" queried the reporter. "You sure get a run for your money in that town," answered Kenna. "Why, even the stoves don't have any lids on them." As

for Monte Carlo, the Hink stoutly claimed he broke even in two days there — "broke even because I didn't play."

The Little Fella sighs over the passing of his turbulent era. At night now, in his hotel room, he talks about the time when he was boss, and about the time when he and the bosses like him ruled America's cities. But the gaslight that illuminated those cities has gone out. The Hink is stepping down.



PICKLE BELT

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

THE fruit rolled by all day.
They prayed the cogs would creep;
They thought about Saturday pay,
And Sunday sleep.

Whatever he smelled was good:
The fruit and flesh smells mixed.
There beside him she stood —
And he, perplexed;

He, in his shrunken britches,
Eyes rimmed with pickle dust,
Prickling with all the itches
Of sixteen-year-old lust.

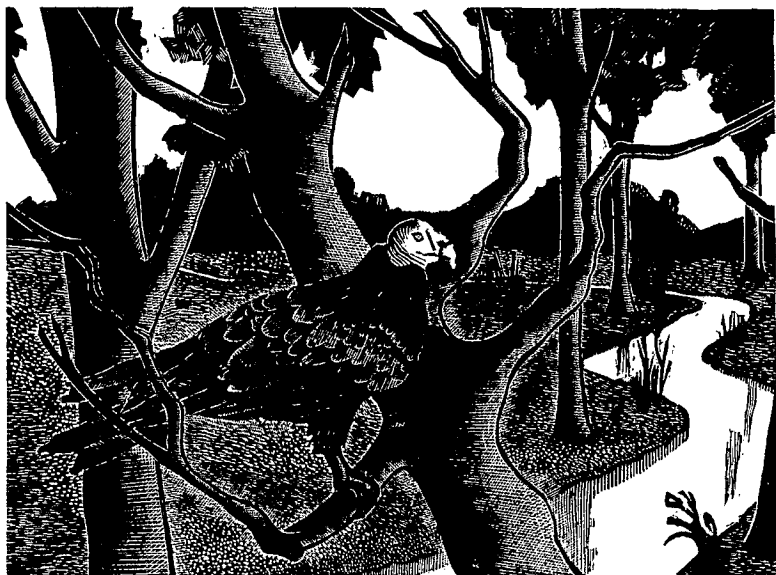
DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOR

The Vulture: Emblem of Death

MEN who live a great deal, and
unawarely, in the outdoors —
men like John Burroughs or Henry
Thoreau or Charles Darwin or John
Muir — have commonly in their
faces an odd and deep repose. It is
a kind of inner repose, a tranquillity
that somehow underlies and in-
forms those countenances, so that
it is perceptible whatever the ex-

terior features may be like, whether
grave and brooding like Burroughs'
and Darwin's, or religiously exalted
like Muir's, or even, like W. H.
Hudson's and Richard Jefferies',
superficially twisted as with fret
and pain. There are a great many
reasons for that inner repose, that
look bespeaking a sureness and a
rest in the spirit. Chiefly, there are



Vulture

Frank Utpatel

two. There is this reason: that when a man has come to know long enough and well enough the natural world of earth and sky and water and birds and trees and beasts, he has learned that the spirit of that world is closer to a comedy than to a tragedy. The dance of life is a glad dance, among protozoa and wapiti and the wind-shaken birches. There is much exultancy, in the green places, and no despair. It is borne in upon a naturalist, with the power of a sub-rational mood rather than the frail unconvincingness of a set of syllogisms, that Francis of Assisi was very close to the heart of things, and that Arthur Schopenhauer was very sick and far away from it.

A naturalist is no theologian. He may have a hatred for metaphysics and may indeed abominate the supernaturalist orthodoxies that are offered to him to explain the "green-kirtled world" in which he lives and which he loves. But by his different means — by obscure conviction conveyed to him as he listens to bluebirds singing, or as he pokes into the warm nests of small bright-eyed deer-mice, or as he just stands in the sun and lets himself feel all around him the tumult of resurgent and eager earth-life in the spring of the year — he is brought to feel, in his deep

heart, the same conclusion that the formal demonstrations of churchly argument also reach: that the world is a good and glad world, and full of creaturely enjoyment.

As second reason why earth-intimate men have so often the look of an inner and equipoised placidity, there may be this: that to scrutinize the life of nature and grow familiar with it is also to scrutinize and grow familiar with natural death. There is much singing of birds in the world; there is also much dying of birds. The high shrill exultation of the red-tailed hawk means also that in a moment a scurrying field-mouse will have become bloody gobbets of fur and skeleton. The satisfaction of the shrike is the death of the warbler; the sun-basking snake means a frog has been digested; there is greenery in the woods because there is black mold underfoot, and the mold has come there only from many, many deaths. So constantly is a naturalist made aware of death, so much is it a part of his everyday experience and contemplation, that he sees it familiarly, as only one episode, one phase of the rhythm, in the great pulsings and cycles of recurrence which are life's mode of continuance. There is the morning, and he has found it good. There is the noon, and it has seemed well to

him. There is the night, and why should the night be a bitter stranger? It is not possible to spend a lifetime watching the maples grow green in spring and leafless in autumn, the ponds now thronged with green-skinned frogs and now locked in ice, the earth itself spinning now into sunlight and now into the dark, without coming to feel toward death, so to speak, nearly comradely.

II

And thus, perhaps, the quiet in the eyes of a man like Muir. Thus, perhaps, the contemplative undismay in Henry Thoreau. Thus, almost surely, the spirit of a certain painting by John James Audubon. The painting is a picture of a bird that is frequently figured in the newspapers now in 1943, for the bird is a vulture. A vulture, as men know everywhere, and as cartoonists find useful, is the emblem of death. Where vultures are, in that place there is putrefaction. But the symbol that means to cartoonists only an ideogram for the ultimate in human failure and despair, is made to carry, in Audubon's depiction of two black vultures crouching over the carcass of a dead deer in the woods, a wider sweep of meaning. It is a

meaning not easily put into words. But in the great serene curve of the vultures' wings, in a subtle spring greenness of the background hills, in the uttermost rest of the dead animal, there is obscurely phrased the same conviction that Thoreau tersely uttered, after a lifetime of studying the earth and sky and waters. "I have heard," he said, "no bad news." It is a good spirit in which to contemplate vultures.

The common turkey vulture or buzzard, which ranges over most of temperate and tropical America, has an appearance appropriate to its scavenging and funereal office. It is a big creature, two and a half feet long, its outspread wings spanning a full six feet. The heavy graceless body, dressed in a rumpled feathering of browns and blacks, is given a queerly monstrous look by the fact that when the wings are folded they reach beyond the tip of the tail. In completion of the semblance of monstrosity, there are no feathers on a vulture's neck and head. Scaly and deeply corrugated, a red-fleshed neck juts up from between hunched shoulders. The featherless seamy visage is equipped with a heavy dirty-whitish beak, hooked at the tip for the chore of tearing dead flesh. The talons of predatory birds like hawks

and eagles are superb in their terrible strength, grimly beautiful in their adaptation to the clean tasks of seizing and killing; but a vulture's talons are blunt and can grasp only weakly and fumblingly, for they need never hook into any meat that is not already rotten. From a vulture's dragged feathers, from its stained beak and its smeary clumsy feet, there forever emanates a stench of corruption.

On the ground, the vulture's performances are only three: to eat its food, to lay its eggs, and to repel enemies. It is somehow in keeping with the vulture's spirit — in key with the impression, which every observer of vultures must receive, that this creature is scarcely bird at all, but only grotesque embodiment of all charnel moods and graveyard fancies — that the vulture should build no nest. It lays its two white eggs, spotted with lavender, on the bare ground, or in a rock crevice, or in the hollow of a log. Further, there seems a vulturine propriety, an expectedness, in the way a vulture feeds and in the sounds it makes. It feeds by ripping great chunks from the cadaver it has found, gobbling them with noisy gulplings and eager contortions of its naked neck, and it continues its eating until it can no longer swallow. It stuffs itself with decayed

flesh until, sometimes, its always heavy and clumsy body has become so weighted that it cannot rise from the ground, and until, at the slightest movement, morsels of the swallowed food spill out from its beak. Then, very slowly, with a kind of lurching and waddling hop, it withdraws a little distance from the corpse it has been eating, and squats motionless, with half-closed eyes, waiting in gorged stupor until the processes of digestion shall have proceeded far enough to permit it to return to its meal and resume gobbling again. When a vulture is disturbed at its feeding, or in the time of its digestion, it utters the sound of its anger. The sound is no cry or croak, but a kind of furious hissing. Should this fail to repel the intruder, the vulture hunches and contorts itself and resorts to its final and characteristic method of defence. With a little rush at the enemy, the vulture opens its hooked beak and vomits up a mass of the putrescence which it has been in process of digesting.

Such is the vulture on the ground. It would be difficult to find, anywhere in the world's woods or fields or waters, a creature seeming to the observation of a casual human eye, watching with a human point of view, more terrible in obscenity, more surely demonstra-

tive that the world of nature contains a frightening indecency. But a vulture is only seldom on the ground. It visits the ground, save in breeding season, only for performance of its office. Mostly a vulture is in the air . . . five hundred feet up, a thousand feet up. And in the air a vulture is transformed. It has become a thing of soaring lightness, of subtle and expert skill, of a grace and beauty wholly breath-taking.

Resting on the air with magnificent outstretched wings, a vulture takes advantage of every tiniest air-current with such superb proficiency that it can soar for hour after hour without performing a single wing-beat. It can rise or descend, in great sweeping spirals, for thousands of feet, and still the great wings be effortlessly unmoving. A vulture detects earth's dead by sight, not scent. Majestic, soaring, spiralling, floating at ease through the high sky, the great bird moves above earth's surface, peering, peering. At last, with incredible eyesight, it detects in some meadow or woodland of the distant

earth the body of an animal lying quiet in death. Then the great wings tilt and the flight is banked — signal to every other vulture in the neighboring air, even to those so far away that no human eye can see them — and the vulture comes rushing downward upon its curious errand.

To watch a vulture in the air is to think of the great bird in new and enlarged terms. It is to realize that this creature, too, is not without a share in the general beauty of the earth. All animals must die. That when they die they do not lie in a long corruption, soiling the ground and fouling the place where their last breath has been breathed, is the work of this soaring, mighty-pinioned caretaker of the dead. The life of earth, for maintenance of its clean goodness, requires many ministers. The vulture is one such.

A vulture is the emblem of death. The emblem, like the fact of death itself, can be a hideous and catastrophic thing, or it can be a right and even satisfying thing, depending on how a man is disciplined to look at it.



THE LIBRARY

Young Sinclair Lewis and Old Dos Passos

BY MAXWELL GEISMAR

SPRING marks the revival also of two of our ranking American novelists, out of about six now going. There have been solid novels, this winter, like James Cozzens' *The Just and the Unjust*, promising novels like Nancy Hale's *The Prodigal Women*, extraordinary novels like Upton Sinclair's *Wide Is the Gate*, talented novels like Prokosch's *The Conspirators* and disappointing novels like Eudora Welty's *The Robber Bridegroom*. And just now there is William Saroyan's first novel, *The Human Comedy*, which is talented, promising, extraordinary and disappointing at the same time, like nearly all his work. But until these new books by Sinclair Lewis¹ and John Dos Passos² none of our first rate authors has published anything of consequence for more than a year.

¹ Gideon Planish. \$2.50. Random House.

² Number One. \$2.50. Houghton Mifflin.

The interest of these two novels is heightened by the fact that both Lewis, who has had perhaps the largest influence among an older generation, and Dos Passos, who fills much the same rôle among the newer writers, seem to be at the crossroads of their careers.

Now some might say, and have said, after *The Prodigal Parents* in 1938, or after *Work of Art* in 1934, or after *Elmer Gantry* in 1927, that Lewis is well beyond the crossroads. For the last fifteen years, in fact, from *Arrowsmith* on, Lewis has figured in the minds of some commentators as a sort of literary ghost. But since he has insisted on reappearing, with a new title, every two or three years, his reputation has had to be reappraised periodically. And since every so often — with *It Can't Happen Here* in 1935 and now again with *Gideon Planish* — the ghost has given amazing

MAXWELL GEISMAR is author of *Writers in Crisis, a study of five American novelists — Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Wolfe and Steinbeck — published last June. He is now completing a study of the novelists of the 1920's.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proof of living and even rambunctious vitality, the whole process of judging Lewis's novels is getting cumbersome and probably should be simplified.

If the work of Sinclair Lewis has not noticeably matured, it often seems, on the other hand, as youthful as ever. The chief quality of *Gideon Planish* is certainly its immense energy, in construction as well as in phrasing. Lewis remains one of our most vivid and wittiest and most stimulating novelists. In the matter of material, his latest novel is in a sense less fresh. He again portrays typical characters in American life. His country doctor, small businessman, scientist, politician, career women of one sort or another (career women have haunted Lewis's thoughts) — all these national types are now followed by the study of a modern public-relations expert in the era of "scientific philanthropy." Perhaps Dr. Gideon Planish is not exactly that; it is difficult to tell just what he is; the more vague his direction becomes, the faster he tries to get there.

The good Doctor starts merely as an ordinary professor at Kinnickinnick College, having an ordinary affair with Teckla Schaum, daughter of a college trustee. But Planish, heavy in manner and light in

head, a provincial who like all provincials considers himself superior to his provincial habitat, keeps his eye on the Main Chance wherever his tongue may wobble. Peony, his new wife, with her very mature flesh, her adolescent values and infantile morals gets her "Gid-jums" really moving. Soon he is Dean of Kinnickinnick, Editor of *Rural Adult Education* (Des Moines), Secretary of the Heskett Rural School Foundation (Chicago), Member of the True American Federation to Attack Racial Prejudice (New York), Assistant General Manager of the Citizens' Conference on Constitutional Crises (Washington), and Director of Dynamos of Democratic Direction (USA). Around this familiar American motif of Getting On, Lewis has elaborated a powerful array of practitioners in the national art: among others, the Reverend Dr. Christian Stern and Msgr. Fish; William T. Knife, devout prohibitionist and proprietor of Okey-Dokey, a soft (caffein) drink; and Dr. Elmer Gantry, a manly New York clergyman sponsored by Phosphorated Chewing Gum. Higher up on the list of genus Exploiter are Winifred Homeward the Talking Woman, who bears a suspicious resemblance to two or three over-articulate females now

in the public eye or ear; a Colonel Charles B. Marduc of Marduc, Syco and Sagg; and Marduc's group of young Yale journalists, who only suggest a particular magazine combine.

The eccentrics, cranks, fanatics and professional operators who fill the pages of *Gideon Planish* — these Lardnerian suckers and Faulknerian slickers, these smooth guys and wise guys and tough guys (and girls, like Winifred, who at sight of any two persons congregating will mount her imaginary platform and start a fervent address full of imaginary Conditions and Implications) — are often quite brilliant character studies. But the wholly admirable youthful energy with which Lewis once again describes, satirizes, ridicules, parodies and lambastes his typical American scene has concomitant limitations.

Gideon Planish assumes, as Dos Passos almost does in *Number One*, that all co-operative movements, like all "organizators," are either hopelessly inefficient or quite hopelessly vicious. There is no mean, there is even no minimum, of those groups whose very inefficiency perhaps is a token of their sincerity. *Gideon Planish* takes its stand, as Lewis's "Mr. Johnson of Minneapolis" states it, on "anarchy and the comics," and Lewis's satire

is apparently based on no conviction but that of pure negation.

Because of this Lewis's work has sometimes and superficially been termed reactionary, whereas it approaches more nearly the destructivity of precocious adolescence; and I am willing to contend that Lewis remains our foremost youthful iconoclast, though the time for mere iconoclasm is probably long past. Lewis, moreover, is by temperament a human and generous artist who often knows more than he seems to know, and sometimes believes more than he may think he believes. *Gideon Planish*, on the whole, still leaves us in the dark as to the future of the young Mr. Lewis, but it is a dark that is still violent, acrid, and entertaining, and by no means that of the sepulchre.

II

In many respects John Dos Passos is diametrically and perhaps dramatically opposed to Sinclair Lewis. Where Lewis's people generally hail from a single typical state, "Winnemac," and almost one typical city, and Europe is a pale imitation of the USA, as New York is of Gopher Prairie, Dos Passos has ranged in time from Roger Williams to Franklin Roosevelt, in

place from the white porches of Monticello to the glass-brick factories of Detroit, in social caste from the vagabond who inaugurates *The 42nd Parallel* to the Insull of *The Big Money*. Where Lewis has been apparently lacking in cultural knowledge and historical perspective, even of Zenith before it became Zenith, Dos Passos has been our best informed and most consciously rational novelist. And where Lewis has been predominantly negativistic in his American evaluations, Dos Passos, from the close of *One Man's Initiation* in 1920 to *The Ground We Stand On* in 1941, has consistently tried to build his work on a more constructive set of social values. While both Lewis's merits and faults, moreover, may spring from a sort of perennial and overgrown youth, Dos Passos has always seemed a little sober for his years, and at its weakest his work has lacked the sheer vitality which usually marks Lewis's novels.

It is curious, then, not merely that the material of *Number One* is a kind of continuation of *Gideon Planish* but that the conclusions of both these novelists about American life should seem almost identical. Number One himself, the demagogue Chuck Crawford from Texarkola, is simply the man whom

Dr. Gideon Planish dreams of being.

What is Chuck's Every-Man-a-Millionaire movement but a less ethereal embodiment of Planish's Every-Man-a-Priest? And what is Chuck's political career but a projection of Planish's program for Colonel Charles B. Marduc, translated into the dialect of Southern poor-whites and Washington back parlors? Besides, as Doctor Planish is a second-rate "organizator," Chuck Crawford is a second-rate demagogue. (Though it is rumored that Chuck is based on Huey Long, he lacks the explosive power which made Huey Long a better specimen of the type, and which Hamilton Basso conveys in *Sun in Capricorn*.) No, Chuck lacks instinct and glamor as a dictator, and a genuine flair for demagoguery, and while his rise to power is sharply delineated, Number One is in his highest flights merely a somewhat disgusting mediocrity. As Doctor Planish will never really become "it," whatever it may be, I venture to prophesy that Chuck Crawford will never become President; and that we have more to fear from Colonel Marduc of Marduc, Syco and Sagg.

The Tyler Spotswood of *Number One*, who is Chuck's early mentor and the brother of Glenn in *Ad-*

ventures of a Young Man, is something else again. Tyler caps a long line of curious heroes in Dos Passos's work, John Andrews in *Three Soldiers*, Jimmie Herf in *Manhattan Transfer*, Dick Savage in *The Big Money* and Glenn Spotswood himself — a line of tormented modern protagonists who try either for personal success or social reform, and always failing, sink into drink and dissipation. Such frustrated moderns may figure too largely in Dos Passos's view (and in some measure they invalidate his notable American panorama), but Tyler is nevertheless convincing, and the story of his inexorable disintegration in *Number One* is often superbly done. This is the merit of the novel, here and in the brief biographies of the anonymous individuals who open each chapter, and whose twisted dreams of splendor are the counters which Chuck Crawford uses to bluff his way into power. These anonymous portraits contain the passion and eloquence of Dos Passos at his best — this quite wonderful passion and eloquence which apparently Dos Passos can lavish only on the imaginary citizens of the republic.

For what strikes one at the end

of both novels is the peculiar unreality of the American world of Lewis and Dos Passos, our two major American realists. There is no resolution to the conflicts in *Gideon Planish* and *Number One* because there are really no conflicts. As Lewis's novel takes place in a nether-world of public relations, and Dos Passos's in a similar one of politics, so the people in both books live in a kind of emotional miasma where they can never know real virtue or achieve real vice. The modern USA of Lewis and Dos Passos is thus a pseudo-inferno designed especially for second-rate souls.

This picture of America has always seemed to me false. It is a product of the postwar environment of the 1920s which conditioned both Lewis and the early Dos Passos. Yet if our leading novelists persist in this view, one cannot persist in ignoring it. *Gideon Planish* and *Number One* taken together are somehow more convincing than either of them separately; and this joined American world of both seems to take on a particularly disturbing and malignant quality — especially so today, on the edge of another postwar period.



(Continued from page 517)

was in itself a force in his career and remains an intrinsic part of his legacy; but he dissects it carefully and digs out the facts from under the accumulation of fiction.

General Mitchell was an amazing personality quite aside from his relation to air-power history. His extraordinary energy, his physical courage and stamina, his eccentricities and his adventures as a warrior and a crusader make his life story fascinating even for those who do not share his passion for the airplane. Mr. Levine's account of the celebrated Mitchell court martial deserves a place in any collection of great trial stories.

As one follows the evolution of Billy Mitchell's views on military aviation it becomes clear that his fight has not yet been won. Curiously, Mitchell has been recognized but his ideas have neither been fully understood nor fully applied. His main demands — for air strategy as distinct from ground and sea strategies, for a unified air force, for equality with the other services — still must be won.

HORACE WILLIAMS: GADFLY OF CHAPEL HILL, by Robert Watson Winston. \$3.00. *University of North Carolina Press*. For nearly fifty years Horace Williams (1858-1940) taught modern logic and comparative religion at the University of North Carolina. He has been called "the greatest intellectual and spiritual force" in the State. A proof of the Williams influence is the fact that just before Tennessee passed its anti-evolution bill in 1925 (which remains unrepealed), a similar bill was overwhelmingly defeated in North Carolina. This biography of him has some minor errors, but on the whole it is well done.

C. L. S.

A LATIN AMERICAN SPEAKS, by Luis Quintanilla. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The former minister plenipotentiary and counsellor of the Mexican Embassy in Washington discusses the economies and cultures of all the Amer-

ican countries with great frankness and considerable knowledge. He points out that the United States, while rich and huge in territory, has much to learn from her less opulent and smaller neighbors, and that the concept of inter-American solidarity was originally a Latin-American one, which might well serve as a model for a future World Order. A wise and truly stimulating volume.

THE CONSUMER GOES TO WAR, by Caroline F. Ware. \$2.00. *Funk & Wagnalls*. Dr. Ware offers practical advice to the intelligent consumer: how to shop with a ration book, how to conserve clothes, how best to serve the local war effort, how to keep healthy on less heating fuel, etc. She also explains the causes of inflation and the simple ways in which the housewife can combat it. Finally, she considers the postwar world. She says, "We must be ready to convert enough of the war machinery to peacetime purposes to keep the economy in high gear and to effect the transition from war to peace." There are several illustrations and useful supplements.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, by V. K. Narayana Menon. 8s. 6d. *Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh*. Mr. Menon admits the high lyricism of Yeats's less philosophical poems and that "his work will remain forever the greatest personal document of our times," but he points out in considerable detail that Yeats was not in tune with the times: he believed in astrology, was cold to science and democracy, and, at the very least, was inclined toward fascism. Mr. Menon is less gifted as a poetry critic than a political sleuth, yet he has produced a notable basic document of value to future and more gifted critics.

WAR IN THE WEST, by Daniel Vifroy. \$2.50. *Military Service Publishing Company, Harrisburg, Pa.* M. Vifroy was a French staff officer who studied closely the disaster that befell his country in May-June, 1940, and here he offers his conclusions. The collapse was due not only to "the failure of senile

generals who committed unforgivable errors in preparation for war and in the strategic conduct of operations," but also to the fact that "French democracy had become a demagogic plutocracy," which was selfish to the point of undermining its own foundations. The massive technical military details will make the book of special value to professional soldiers, but the general reader will also find it of considerable interest. There are several maps.

WORKS OF PROSE, by Heinrich Heine, edited by Hermann Kesten, with preface by Louis Untermeyer, in translation by E. B. Ashton. \$3.00. *L. B. Fischer*. Despite several previous selections and translations, the English-speaking world is scarcely aware of Heine as a writer of prose. But he was a polemicist, journalist and essayist of the first water—satirical, humorous, passionate and adroit. Mr. Kesten has apparently chosen with an eye to displaying the versatility of Heine's prose.

HARVEST OF MY YEARS, by Channing Pollock. \$3.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Lusty, egocentric and opinionated like its author, this well-written autobiography will delight especially readers who relish meeting a rich variety of famous and near-famous persons between book covers. Mr. Pollock's years have compassed journalism, literature and points between in every conceivable combination, but the emphasis is on the theatre, its people, its headaches and its glories.

FEDERAL INCOME, GIFT AND ESTATE TAXATION, by Jacob Rabkin and Mark H. Johnson. \$25.00. *Matthew Bender & Company, New York*. This huge, valuable, and exhaustive reference book is arranged according to subject matter, and each group subject is further subdivided into chapters and sections. Then there are numerous charts, a compendium of tax rate tables and several very helpful appendices and indices. Provision is also made for the monthly servicing of new material. The entire volume has a thumb-

nailed index, and altogether is an indispensable standard work of compilation.

GERMANY'S MASTER PLAN, by Joseph Borkin and Charles A. Welch. \$2.75. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. One does not have to accept the thesis that the international cartels—which predated Hitler—were a German "master plan" to read this clear and detailed story of the higher economics with fascinated attention. The authors held posts under Thurman Arnold in the Department of Justice, and have thus co-operated in exposing and breaking unwholesome cartel arrangements. The American corporation officials involved, it appears, were on the whole fools rather than knaves.

W. B. YEATS, 1865-1939, by Joseph Hone. \$6.00. *Macmillan*. The authorized biography of the great poet, written by an intimate friend of Yeats and a man of talent in his own rights who had unlimited access to letters, notebooks and other materials. The story is told quietly, with great charm and touches of humor. While Mr. Hone's admiration for the subject is vast, it is kept well this side of ecstasy and so does not obscure the human being in the great poet.

FORCE AND FREEDOM. REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY, by Jacob Burckhardt. \$3.50. *Pantheon Books, New York*. Burckhardt was a Swiss historian who lived in the days of Nietzsche, Wagner and the founding of the German Empire. For a while he was friendly with the first, because of their common interest in classical art, but they separated when the German began to preach his power philosophy. Burckhardt was in some ways a Jeffersonian, believing in the minimum of government, and he also saw grave dangers in liberalism's growing reliance on the state and predicted the general pattern of events in the world today. The present volume is the first English translation of his most inclusive, if not his most finished, work. There is a fine biographical foreword by the editor, James Hastings Nichols.

WHITE MAMMOTHS, by Alexander Poliakov. (Translated from the Russian by Norbert Guterman.) \$2.50. *Dutton*. This story of a group of Russian tanks, from the assembly line through many hard-fought battles, contains some of the best action reporting of the war — human and unaffected despite the grimness of the tale. The author, who wrote *Russians Don't Surrender*, was reported killed under fire last October.

APPEASEMENT'S CHILD. THE FRANCO RÉGIME IN SPAIN, by Thomas J. Hamilton. \$3.00. *Knopf*. This is perhaps the most complete account of the almost incredible number of mistakes made by England and the United States in their dealings with Franco, and of the misery his government has brought to Spain. Mr. Hamilton, who was New York *Times* correspondent in Spain in 1937-1941, thinks that we must deal with Franco on an hour-to-hour basis, because his word, at least to the democracies, is worthless.

BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS, by Ira Wolfert. \$2.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. Mr. Wolfert, representing the North American Newspaper Alliance, saw action on land, in the air, and on the sea in the Solomons in October-November of last year, and here he gives his impressions. He tells some moving tales about the heroism of American sailors, soldiers and aviators. His book would be better if there were fewer lush passages and less callow philosophizing and more straight reporting.

FICTION

THE LITTLE PEOPLE, by Albert Halper. \$2.50. *Harper's*. The author of *Union Square*, etc., still has his touch for the poignant detail in humans, streets, weathers. This latest, about a group of Chicagoans whom the title describes, nevertheless makes one fear that what began as feeling is now endangered by formula. Certainly one of the more potent younger novelists, Mr. Halper begins to seem a little too glib, too pat, like Steinbeck at his worst.

THE DAY MUST DAWN, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. A novel of pioneer life in Western Pennsylvania in the days of Valley Forge. The story revolves about Mrs. Martha Murray, who endured great hardships gracefully, and whose chief ambition was to see her daughter Violet spared her travail, but Violet thwarts her mother's hopes by marrying a local boy who is pledged to continue the same life. The book, which is skillfully and warmly written, suffers on occasion from melodrama that was probably artificial even for those times.

MRS. PARKINGTON, by Louis Bromfield. \$2.75. *Harper*. From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations is the theme of this thickly womanish novel. Mrs. Parkington, a remarkable old woman of eighty-four, widow of a robber baron, looks through the past and tries to solve the problems of the future. Only one great-granddaughter seems to have any qualities worth saving and Mrs. Parkington does her best for her. Mr. Bromfield obviously had his eye on Hollywood.

SHE DIED A LADY, by Carter Dickson. \$2.00. *Morrow*. Sir Henry Merrivale has sprained his big toe and has to do his detecting from a wheelchair, but he manages to solve the problem of the lovers who disappeared just the same. Uproarious and a good puzzle too.

LAURA, by Vera Caspary. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Billed as a psychotriller this turns out to be the story of a murdered woman seen through the eyes of an egotistic novelist, her fiancé and the detective in charge of the case. An out-of-the-ordinary puzzle with a clever twist at the end.

THE EMPEROR'S SNUFFBOX, by John Dickson Carr. \$2.00. *Harper*. The murder of an antiquarian in a small French resort is solved by a specialist in criminal psychology although all the circumstantial evidence points to the girl engaged to the victim's son. A very slick whodunit.

THE OPEN FORUM

GERMANY AFTER THE WAR

Writing in the New York Times for March 22, Anne O'Hare McCormick points out that Nazi propaganda is frightening the Germans into loyalty by "threats that the fate prepared for a beaten Germany is worse than the war itself." She adds:

"Therefore it is the worst kind of tactics to publish such articles as one purporting to outline 'Our Government's Plan for Postwar Germany' in the current AMERICAN MERCURY. The plan as reported calls for administration during a period of military occupation and probation by 'American Gauleiters' undergoing 'four months' training' at Charlottesville, Va.; the dismemberment of the Reich; the decentralization and reduction of all industry and Allied control of what is left.

"If the American government has definitely decided on this course, which of course it has not, it would hardly be so stupid as to announce at this stage conditions of 'unconditional surrender' no group in Germany could possibly accept. The only purpose served by such publication is to blow up Hitler and help him run a little longer."

Because similar criticism of the article has cropped up in other directions we publish a letter addressed to Mrs. McCormick by the Editor.

DEAR MRS. MCCORMICK:

It does seem to me that your judgment on Kingsbury Smith's article in the April MERCURY, as expressed in the final paragraph of your column today, is on the harsh side.

Aren't we overdoing the squeamishness about straight talk for fear that the Goebbels boys will misuse it? Nazi propaganda doesn't need American publications to feed on. It can and does draw on its unlimited imagination.

As you point out yourself, Hitler is already telling the Germans that we intend to sterilize them, destroy them physically, etc. The true picture as given in the MERCURY article is so humane and considerate compared to the imaginary picture being given by Nazi propaganda that it ought to have a wholesome and reassuring effect.

Certainly those who are doing short-wave broadcasts and other types of American propaganda directed to the German people can use the article effectively to accomplish the very opposite of the dire results you indicate. The keynote of the program outlined to Kingsbury Smith, after all, is that "the German people be given one more chance after this war to prove they can become peaceful, co-operative members of a sane society of nations." The program is stern to a degree, but always in pursuance of this major purpose. It distinguishes at every point between the German state and the German people and emphasizes that "we are prepared after a probationary period to treat the German individual on a basis of equality."

While the Nazi and Gestapo crowds will be cleared out, as much as possible of the civilian personnel of the public services and the police forces of Germany will be retained. The freedom of press and speech will gradually be restored. Ultimately the Germans will be given a share in the work of an international police force and a proportionate share in any collective security system. Mr. Smith writes that "it is felt that we must prevent famine, disease and complete economic chaos" in Germany and that consequently we are prepared to give the Germans food, medical supplies and even seeds and fertilizer if needed; and enough foreign trade privileges

to enable the country to obtain raw materials for its peaceable industries.

This is the phase of the plans that should be conveyed to the German people. It will scarcely shock them to learn that there will be a harsh period of probation — at worst it will be milder than their ordeal under Hitler is — or punishment for the Nazi crowd or compensation in some form to devastated nations. What should reassure them is that restoration of Germany to the family of civilized nations is envisioned. As the article puts it: "The American planners are not resigned to the idea that the German people cannot be made peaceful and contented members of a sensible society of nations."

No matter what we write in America, it will be twisted to the purposes of Nazi propaganda. Even if we keep absolutely mum, the Goebbels factory will not stop functioning. The problem is to transmit the positive side of the picture to the Germans, and the article does have a very important positive side.

EUGENE LYONS

OTHER VIEWS

SIR: An outstanding lesson of history, at least in modern times, teaches us that the attempt of a victorious power to treat the defeated enemy as a victim of conquest is futile and generally disastrous. There are also historical examples of the wisdom of national generosity. This lesson was clearly realized a quarter of a century ago and Woodrow Wilson made a determined effort to put into execution the promises he had made to the German people during the course of the war. His policy was not carried through. The effect upon the German people was to produce rancor and constant sabotage directed against

the constructive aspects of the peace treaties. The spirit of revenge thus evoked served as a fruitful soil for the propagation of the seeds of Hitlerism.

The main fault of the latest attempt to construct a peace settlement was not so much that the terms were too easy or too severe upon Germany, as that those terms offered no incentive for the Germans to co-operate loyally with the victorious forces. This mistake must be avoided. I do not think it possible, or even desirable, to "let bygones be bygones." Any future policy must be closely connected with the past. But the policy should be constructive and not punitive; it must show the defeated power a means of co-operating with the victor for its own future welfare.

I conceive that when the enemy powers are defeated and in the stereotyped sense "the war is won," we shall enter upon a period of extended armistice, during which all steps taken by the victors will be of a provisional nature. The world will be "put into commission" under the control of the more powerful states, in order that it may catch its breath and begin the process of reconstruction. This period may be of long duration. It may be years before what we call a "peace settlement" can be achieved.

During this period the liberties for which we are fighting will of necessity be largely suspended, as they are in time of war. This will be true of the victorious nations. It will be even more true of the defeated nations. It will be necessary to excise all remnants of political power representing the party responsible for Hitler and Hitler's policy. In the case of Germany, I conceive that it will be essential that the nation shall be completely disarmed. Presumably it will be necessary, at least for a time, to break up the Reich into divisions, perhaps corresponding roughly to the former federal states. Each of these will be governed rigorously by a representative of the victorious powers, with whatever armed force proves necessary.

Certain conditions would determine the success of such a policy. It should be made

NOTE

Mr. Boris Souvarine, author of "In Defense of Giraud" in the April issue, feels that the title did not truly summarize his argument and he wants his readers to know that it was not his choice but that of the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

clear that the régime was temporary and that it would continue only long enough to re-establish civil order and organization and to make sure that elements of rebellion were extinguished. Food and every kind of assistance should be provided for the German civil population to the limit of practicability. The occupying force should maintain order, but it should also bring succor. As soon as possible and with the promise of further succor, civil control should be given into the hands of the local German authorities; every assistance should be given to the Germans to organize and maintain these authorities. An essential condition of the success of this provisional régime is that it be made clear that the more loyal the co-operation of the Germans, the greater would be the chance of economic rehabilitation, the sooner complete civil authority would be placed in the hands of the local authorities, and the better the prospect of early withdrawal of a foreign political régime.

All during the period of provisional government and reconstruction, it should be universally understood that a final settlement would not be approached until there was a reasonable evidence of civil order in the conquered nations, and of their willingness to co-operate with the victors. It should also be made clear that if the defeated nations accepted the Atlantic Charter, or the principles which it represents, they would be entitled to all the benefits. At the stage of preparing definitely for a final peace settlement, there should be no distinction whatever among the peoples accepting those principles. The defeated nations should be given every inducement to embrace them sincerely and gratefully.

When finally the ultimate settlement can be organized, the defeated nations, if they have proved their loyal good will during the period of provisional reconstruction, should be included in the terms of the settlement upon the basis of equality with the victorious nations. The territorial arrangements, which will certainly deprive the defeated nations of their conquests, should be framed not with an

eye to punishment but rather to assure stability of future international relationships.

CHARLES SEYMOUR

(President of Yale University)

New Haven, Conn.

SIR: The plan for postwar Germany, as Kingsbury Smith states it in the April issue, seems to be both practical, and I might add, somewhat idealistic. However, not being a politician, or an expert on government, it has made a great appeal to me.

As a psychiatrist, I have repeatedly been disgusted by the narrow-minded, sadistically inclined individuals, who wish to kill or emasculate most of the Germans. For as a nation is only an aggregation of individuals; we have to treat it as we would an individual criminal. The one thing that we—I am speaking as a psychiatrist—have learned is to avoid following the *lex talionis* of antiquity. There are two kinds of criminals. First, the chronic criminal, who is so morally deficient that he cannot be reformed, and second, those who became criminals as a result of a particular situation, which might have been accidental. These can be educated into law-abiding and useful citizens. There is no doubt that the leaders of the present German régime belong to the first class and hence should be treated accordingly. On the other hand, the German nation, as a whole, I am sure, is not criminally-minded. In a movement of this kind mass suggestion plays a great rôle. Moreover, I am sure that millions of sensible Germans have had to follow the Nazis and will openly rebel as soon as an opportunity will present itself. This holocaust was produced by the mistakes of World War I, and unless we realize that aggression can only beget aggression, we shall surely have a World War III.

In brief, Mr. Kingsbury Smith's outline seems to be very just and practical. I hope that we will soon be in a position to put this scheme into operation.

DR. A. A. BRILL

New York City.

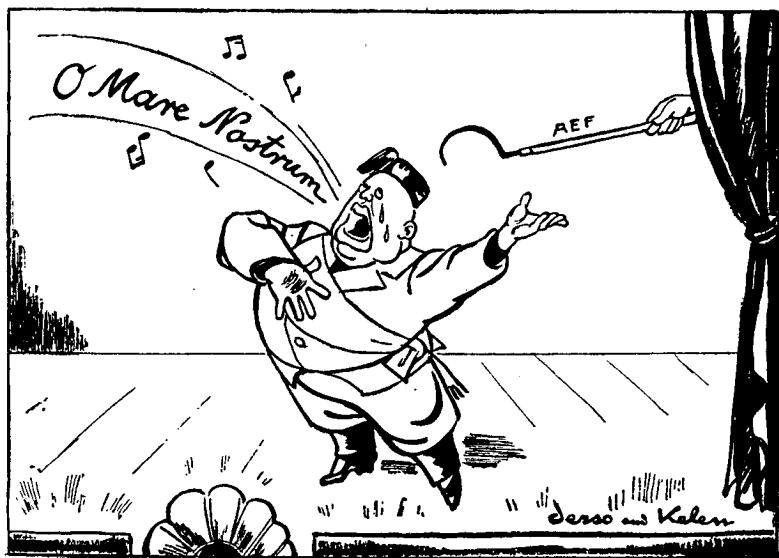
SIR: From what I know of Washington, its divisions, uncertainties and changes of mind,

I doubt if Mr. Kingsbury Smith's version of a plan for postwar Germany in the April issue is truly "our government's." I suspect that it is the plan of a powerful group within the government. As such, it is an incredible combination of arrogance and stupidity.

So long a policing of Germany and Europe will be exceedingly costly and will not be tolerated by America unless America has been corrupted by an imperialism which will not pay, and the end of which will be another war. As for Germany, or any other parts of Europe treated under this prescription, there could be no surer way to make the people turn communist — and for former Nazis this would not be a great change in daily life. Then they would go to Stalin as true believers asking to be delivered from foreign "capitalist" yoke. Stalin, or his successor, would oblige, no matter what nominal agreements had been reached with Russia, a matter which is referred to only in passing in Mr. Smith's article.

One might have hoped that the American people would have learned something out of our own Civil War Reconstruction period. It would appear, however, that we are to copy all the mistakes we once made in the South, with the difference that our generals and carpet-baggers, this time, are to have a little advance training in American universities. As if the inevitable corruptions of power — in this case the power of foreigners in a strange land — could thus be prevented! What arrogance to assume that we who are doing so badly with our own racial tensions, and some of our own problems of social and economic administration, can thus play God in a military uniform to other lands!

The peoples of Europe must save themselves. The most that we can do for them is to break the yoke of the oppressor; give them some temporary aid, in which food will be more important even than policing, and with them try to work out a more rational framework of organization than now exists. To try



The Hook

to do more than this will require an American form of fascism at home, and will make us a candidate for fear, suspicion and hatred from large parts of the world. It will be the road to new war.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York City.

BEN LILLY, LION HUNTER

SIR: "Hunting Lions for Pay" in your February issue, makes mention of Ben Lilly, the Daniel Boone of the twentieth century. The writer, in his lone pack trips within the Gila Wilderness in New Mexico, would frequently cross old Ben Lilly's trail and camp with him overnight, high up in the fastness of the Gila River. The tales Ben Lilly was wont to tell in front of the campfire, of "bars" and "lians," would fill a book. He would leave his "mangy" burro at whatever spot he made his base camp, from which point he would set out on foot, after a lion or a bear, or both, and be gone from one to ten days at a time.

The burro was entirely too slow except for moving camp and Lilly left his Bible at the camp along with the burro. The fact is, he could quote Scripture better than old Leviticus himself and needed no Bible. With one hound fastened to his belt on a leash and two or three other hounds on the loose, he would follow lions or bears from five to twenty miles a day, over the roughest mountain ranges in the southwest. On these trips his equipment consisted of a rifle, a horn, ammunition and matches; a knife, one blanket, rolled and slung over his shoulder; some cornmeal or some sour-dough biscuits, previously prepared, a pinch of salt and a small skillet. He never used coffee. For meat he depended chiefly upon lion to feed himself and his hounds. He contended that lion meat made him supple and agile (the same claim frequently made by the Apache Indians). Lion meat has a pleasant taste and if the lion is young, the meat is palatable, even if it does remind one of a tomcat. If no lion or bear meat was immediately available, Lilly would sustain himself and his hounds on venison.

He once informed the writer that in his youth, spent in the Mississippi cane breaks, he was a hell-raiser but got religion at a camp meeting and never thereafter "back slid." On one subject he was adamant—he asserted that a mountain lion, contrary to the usual tales, never screams like a tortured woman or any other sort of woman.

Old Ben Lilly rests peacefully in his grave near Big Dry Creek on the Gila National Forest in New Mexico. A move is now being made by his outdoor friends to erect a suitable marker over his grave. May his soul rest in peace.

FRED WINN

Tucson, Arizona.

MEMO. TO HANS HABE

SIR: I wish to ask you to correct misstatements which pertain to Polish affairs in the article by Hans Habe on "Washington: Mecca of Lost Nations."

Mr. Matuszewski never traveled between London and Washington. He has never made the statement ascribed to him about the Baltic states. I am the publisher of *Nowy Swiat* and I am not an importer of anything. I also am not the publisher of the Hungarian *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava*.

M. F. WĘGRZYNEK

New York City.

POSTWAR AMERICA

SIR: The January AMERICAN MERCURY review of outstanding new books which deal with the theme of America's postwar position among nations of the world gives added force to J. B. Condliffe's assertion that our most important contribution to the postwar situation is "a strong and prosperous United States."

Our reluctant movement for self-protection has put us, whether we like it or not, into our present position of supremacy. With other nations were greedily striving for world power, politically and economically, we dodged many responsibilities. We avoided "imperialism" as a pestilence. Our action has shown a curious mixture of democracy

selfishness and cowardice. As we could no longer avoid participation in the war and survive, so it becomes clearer every day, we cannot maintain our new position unless we create and maintain a high degree of "prosperity." It must be solid and enduring. We must have done with booms and depressions.

All of which brings us to the thought uppermost in the minds of millions of Americans today: How can we retain our democracy and regain prosperity with a debt of a hundred billions already on our back and the war's demands still increasing? And, some may add, with the burden of financing and feeding the postwar world inevitably falling upon us?

These appalling questions are not in the minds of pessimists alone. The attitude of the unworried optimist is foolish. Yet, while the future gives no encouragement to our old time complacency, it need not, and should not, foster pessimism. In the contemplation

of our new burdens may lie the hope for reclamation of the nation's prosperity. That hope is expressed by one word — expansion.

Before this war started we had begun to realize that the rut into which we had dropped as a nation was too small for 130,000,000 people. Technocracy stirred up a tempest a few years ago, but it subsided in the teapot because a smug citizenry was not ready for it. Mass production, before this war started, had already become too big for its britches. A miserly nationalism had dragged us into depression. We turned very humbly to primitive methods for a way out. Leaf-raking and ditch-digging WPAs helped us out of it.

War demands have put the old grandiose ideas into our minds again. We got rid of economic royalists, only to find ourselves in the grip of labor racketeers. They will have to be squelched before we can attain a domestic peace, and that must precede any international peace in which we are to play a leading part. The Congress has before it a big job of law repealing.

Half a dozen years ago hopeful economists looked forward to a national income of eighty billions. Now we are exceeding that goal by 50 per cent. This fact gives hope to the expansion idea.

We have proved to all nations, big and little, that we are fair dealers, not aggressors. Our generosity has been mistaken for weakness, but that notion too will be dissipated pretty soon. This war may bleed us pale before we are through it, but its grim demands upon our future can open for us the way to prosperity. That expansion which is forcing itself upon us is the logical way out of economic calamity.

SMILEY FOWLER

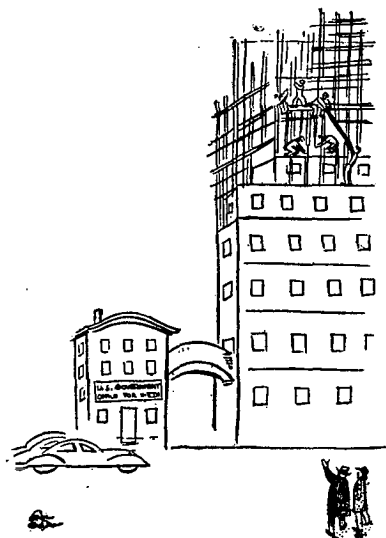
Greensburg, Indiana.

WAR NOVELS

SIR: Why have so many novels of Army life in the last World War and in the present one been written by privates and non-commissioned officers, and almost none by officers? Why have so few officers written anything of moment creatively?

Chicago, Illinois.

I. P. MAHLON



*"That's our Bureau . . . and the
"ig going up next to it will house
its Public Relations staff."*

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP AHEAD OF THE NEWS, LISTEN T

BETWEEN THE HEADLINE-

a new series of radio programs prepared by the editors of *The American Mercury*. They take you behind the scenes in the field of war, politics, economics, the arts and sciences.

✓ CHECK WITH YOUR LOCAL STATION FOR THE DATE
AND TIME OF THIS IMPORTANT WEEKLY BROADCAST

ALABAMA
Birmingham.....WBRC
Mobile.....WMOB
Montgomery.....WCOV

ARIZONA
Prescott.....KYCA

ARKANSAS
Ft. Smith.....KFPW

CALIFORNIA
Bakersfield.....KERN
Fresno.....KARM
Santa Barbara.....KTMS
San Diego.....KGB
San Francisco.....KYA
Stockton.....KWG

COLORADO
Denver.....KMYR

CONNECTICUT
Stamford.....WSRR

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington.....WWDC

FLORIDA
Jacksonville.....WMBR
Pensacola.....WCOA
Tallahassee.....WTAL

IDAHO
Boise.....KIDO

ILLINOIS
Aurora.....WMRO
Bloomington.....WJBC
Chicago.....WENR

East St. Louis.....WTM
Rockford.....WROV
Rock Island.....WHB
Springfield.....WTA

INDIANA
Evansville.....W45V
Hammond.....WJOB
Indianapolis.....WISH
Lafayette.....WBA
Richmond.....WKB

IOWA
Dubuque.....KDT

KANSAS
Topeka.....WIB
Wichita.....KFBI

KENTUCKY
Ashland.....WCM
Lexington.....WLAF

LOUISIANA
New Orleans.....WDSU

MAINE
Portland.....WGA
Presque Isle.....WAGM

MARYLAND
Baltimore.....WIT
Frederick.....WFM
Salisbury.....WBC

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston.....WCOI
Pittsfield.....WBR
Salem.....WES

MICHIGAN
 Detroit.....WJLB
 Flint.....WJMS
 Kalamazoo.....WKZO
 Port Huron.....WHLS

MINNESOTA
 Albert Lea.....KATE

MISSOURI
 St. Louis.....KXOK

NEBRASKA
 Omaha.....KOWH

NEW JERSEY
 Atlantic City.....WFPG
 Camden.....WCAM
 Trenton.....WTNJ

NEW YORK
 Albany.....WOKO
 Binghamton.....WJTN
 Kingston.....WKNY
 New York City.....WNYC
 Rochester.....WSAY
 Watertown.....WATN

NORTH CAROLINA
 Asheville.....WISE
 Durham.....WDNC
 Greensboro.....WGBG
 Salisbury.....WSTP

NORTH DAKOTA
 Bismarck.....KSJB

OHIO
 Cincinnati.....WKRC
 Cleveland.....WHK
 Columbus.....WHKC
 Dayton.....WHIO
 Marion.....WMRN

OKLAHOMA
 Oklahoma City.....KOCY
 Tulsa.....KTUL

OREGON
 Portland.....KWJJ

PENNSYLVANIA
 Erie.....WLEU
 Harrisburg.....WHJB
 Philadelphia.....WHP
 Pittsburgh.....WWSW
 Philadelphia.....WPEN

Wilkes-Barre.....WBAX
 York.....WORK

RHODE ISLAND
 Pawtucket.....WFCI

SOUTH CAROLINA
 Anderson.....WAIM
 Charleston.....WTMA
 Greenville.....WFBC
 Spartanburg.....WSPA

SOUTH DAKOTA
 Pierre.....KGFX

TENNESSEE
 Bristol.....WOPI
 Chattanooga.....WAPQ
 Knoxville.....WBIR
 Memphis.....WMPS

TEXAS
 Austin.....KNOW
 Beaumont.....KFDM
 Fort Worth.....KFJZ
 Lubbock.....KFYO
 San Antonio.....KABC

VIRGINIA
 Fredericksburg.....WFVA
 Lynchburg.....WLVA
 Roanoke.....WSLS

WASHINGTON
 Pullman.....KWSC
 Seattle.....KEVR
 Tacoma.....KTBI

WEST VIRGINIA
 Charleston.....WCHS

WISCONSIN
 Manitowoc.....WOMT
 Madison.....WHA
 Milwaukee.....KEMP
 Racine.....WRJN

ALASKA
 Anchorage.....KFQD
 Fairbanks.....KFAR

CANADA, ALBERTA
 Calgary.....CJCJ
 Quebec.....CKCV

NEWFOUNDLAND
 St. Johns.....VOCM

BETWEEN THE HEADLINES — a radio program for intelligent
 Americans, prepared by the editors of *The American Mercury*.

IDEAS UNLIMITED



The WPB order limiting paper for magazines necessitates sharp reductions in the printings of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Fewer copies will be available and each issue, though it will have the same number of pages, may appear somewhat lighter and thinner physically.

... But, what is more important, there will be no slackening in the variety and forcefulness of its ideas. For that is what makes the MERCURY the preferred magazine of the thinking people of America — the men and women who are helping to *shape* America's destiny, not just trying to follow her progress.

We urge you to leave a standing order with your newsdealer, or use the coupon below

Send me THE AMERICAN MERCURY for ☐ 2 years at \$5.00 ☐ 1 year at \$3.00. I enclose remittance herewith.

Name

Address

City and State

AM 5-43

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
570 Lexington Avenue, New York

The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICE

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGE. Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "B Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information, 49 West 42nd St., New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND supplied; also family and to histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, languages. Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices. (We Also Buy Books and Magazines.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 W. 48th Street Dept. M New York

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" book which you particularly desire. Please write us "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O Box 22 New York C

RARE COINS

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist" Published monthly. News, illustrated feature article, coins and medals. Sample copy 25c. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENERAL

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

WAR BONDS pay you
2.9 percent interest
on your money!



BUY WAR BONDS!